...South?—JOHN S...

FEBRUARY 4, 1936 15¢

New Masses

"Fortune" and the Jews

Anti-Semitism in America Today

By JOSEPH FREEMAN

Scottsboro Explodes

Two Articles

By MICHAEL GOLD and BLAINE OWEN

U. S. State Dep't—Drama Censor

By STANLEY BURNSHAW

Mr. J. P. Morgan—Art Racketeer

By JAMES SWANSON

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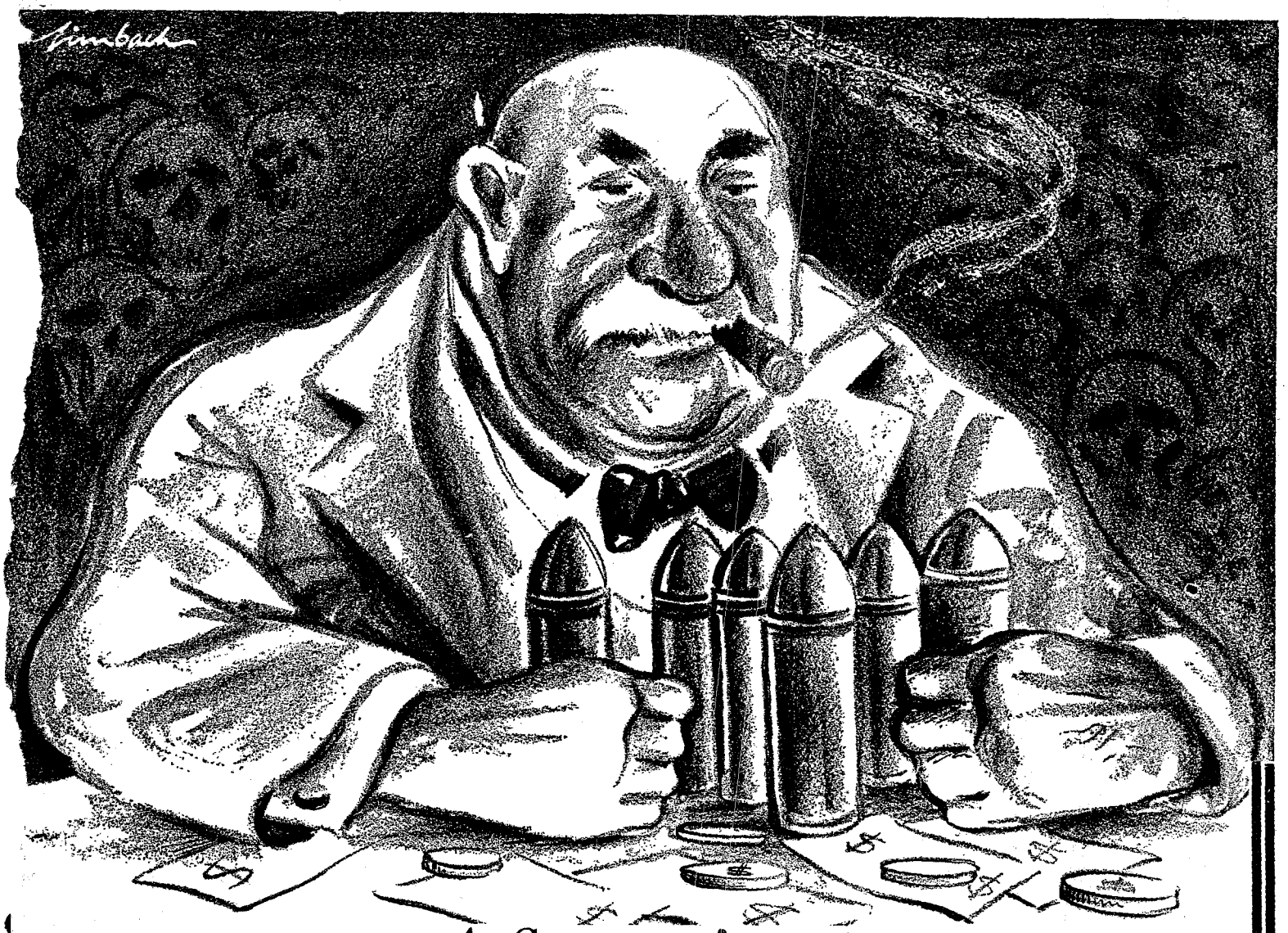
...e the Bankers Preparing a War?



A Symposium

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Joseph FREEMAN — of the NEW MASSES

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H. C. Engelbrecht — Co-Author, "Merchants of Death," Chairman

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new Masses

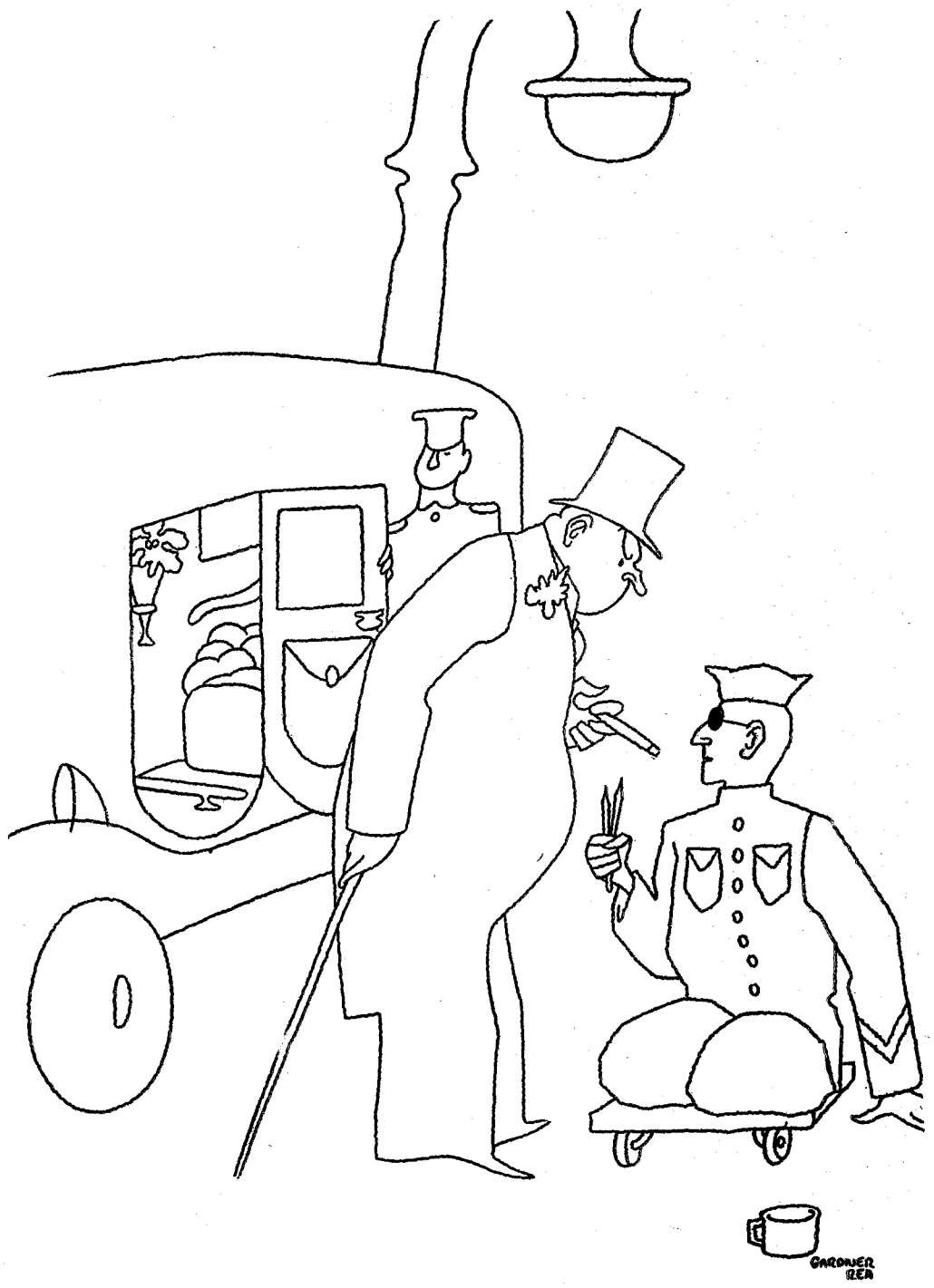
FEBRUARY 4, 1936

It Took Seventeen Years

DURING the long fight to keep ex-soldiers from getting their bonus (in reality, their back pay), the Chamber of Commerce, the National Economy League and other Wall Street organizations along with the officialdom of the post-war Republican and Democratic administrations have stooped to trickery and lies. They have branded the rank and file of the veterans "treasury raiders," "racketeers," "the Great American Menace." At one point, the armed forces were commanded to wage open warfare upon the hungry, ragged ex-servicemen and upon their unprotected wives and children when they marched to Washington to exercise their constitutional right of petitioning for redress of grievances. But seventeen years of growing mass pressure has forced Congress to grant the back pay to these workers, small business men, white-collar groups.

THE fight for the bonus is but one more illustration of the fact that all concessions, all benefits won by workers and their allies from the capitalist class are won only through militant struggle. Veterans now face problems fully as important to them as the bonus: it is not pure coincidence that simultaneous with the bonus victory, Alfred Smith and John W. Davis, mouthpieces of the Liberty League, promised a further reactionary drive against the standard of living of workers and middle-class people. They attack civil liberties, they look toward fascism and war. The same forces which so bitterly opposed the payment of the bonus—because their coterie had nothing to gain and because a ruling-class minority is mortally afraid of the growing organization of the majority—now tries to launch a new offensive against the majority.

VETERANS are not a homogeneous group: that much the bonus fight proved. The rank and file—composed of workers, farmers, the small bourgeoisie, the professionals—are actively opposed by a top bureaucracy of finance capitalists. These officials have ever acted in opposition to the needs of the majority of the membership—they are more anxious to fight labor unions and to pass fascist resolutions of action inspired by Hearst than to obtain social security for their membership. Rank-and-file veterans won the bonus; the same militant fight must now be directed toward supporting their allies in the struggle for social-security legislation, in the struggle against fascism and the drive toward war.



"Aren't you ashamed of yourself—holding up the government for two billion dollars?" *Gardner*

Laval Is Out

THE elimination of Laval and with him of the infamies he stood for cannot but rejoice all those who are hopefully looking for better things in French public life. It took great c age on the part of the Radical-Soc ists to provoke a governmental crisis this time; but the left wing, which the majority of the party, had reacl the point where it simply could longer stomach the co-author of Hoare-Laval Plan, the silent par of La Rocque, the man who as n as any other single individual out of Italy is responsible for the slaug now going on in Ethiopia. It was is now clear, the determination to rid of him that was the primary sig cance of the election of Daladier to presidency of this largest of the pa in the People's Front. No sooner Daladier taken control than he b went ahead, by the very simple ex

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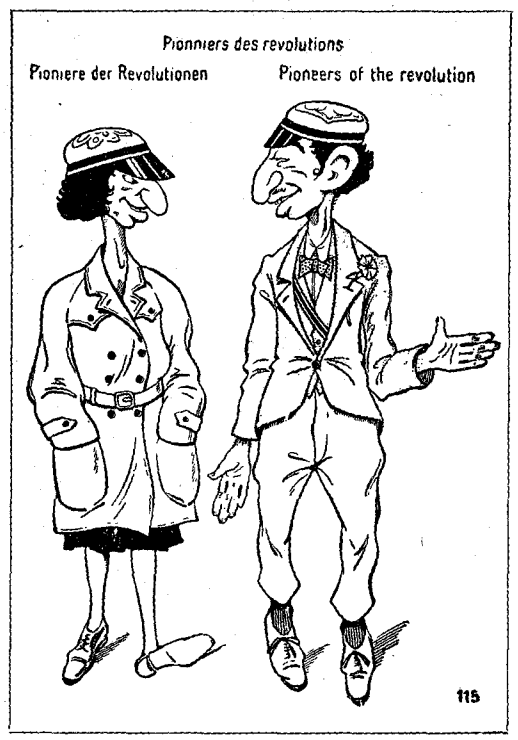
Radical-Socialist directorate, ...l members of the party who ...olios in the so-called national ...nt to withdraw.

...s good sign that Herriot and ...colleagues obeyed. The new ... leaves much to be desired, of ... what with Flandin at the Quai ... and the unspeakable, anti-labor ...l remaining at his previous post. ...nifestly this, like its predecessor, ...nsition cabinet, designed to take ...lse of the country and to avoid ...g matters to a head before the ...l election. Taking a leaf out of ...ritish notebook, the new govern... has installed Paul-Boncour, presi... of the United Independent Social... the man who dubbed Mussolini "a ...val Caesar," as Minister for ...gue Affairs, thus grooming him for ...old post in the foreign office, from ...h he will perhaps push Flandin ... in May. It is particularly gratify... too, to find the Air Ministry, ...h was becoming dangerously honey... ed with fascists, returning to the ... under the guidance of the young ...able neo-Socialist, Déat. Not least ...hen one recalls the attempt of the ...tionaries under Doumergue and ...val to muzzle the teachers with loy...y oaths and to cow them with an ...borate espionage system—is it heart...ng to see Henri Guernut, ex-presi... t of the League of Rights of Man ... chairman of the Parliamentary ...mission to investigate the Stavisky ...dal, at the head of the Ministry of ...ucation.

Flaunting U. S. Traditions

WHILE President Roosevelt rages against foreign autocracies, his ...inistration carries on a steady drive ...inst foreign-born workers. The vic... s of this campaign are to be re... ned to those very autocracies where ... exercise of basic civil liberties bring ...th or imprisonment. Alfred Miller ... the editor of a farmers' weekly in ...ntana. A few reactionaries resented ... anti-fascist editorials, therefore he ... faces deportation to Germany ...h in his case is synonymous with ...th. Walter Baer, civil engineer of ...gon, proposed a sewage-disposal ...n which ran counter to the wishes ...ocal politicians and therefore he too ...o be returned to Germany. Otto ...ter, Adam Muller, Carl Ohm and ...r anti-fascists have all been ordered ... the hands of Hitler. Ferrero and



One of a series of postcards now being circulated in this country. The identity of the publisher is not stated, but he boasts a "branch office in Pittsburgh."

Sallitto published an anti-fascist paper in California. Hearst and the vigilantes have campaigned to return them to Italy where they will face from fifteen to thirty years' imprisonment for having opposed Mussolini. When production was expanding and there was a need for cheap labor America boasted that the oppressed and persecuted of the world could always find asylum here. But after six years of economic breakdown the patriots have changed their tune. In several recent cases mass resentment has prevented deportation. And mass resentment can halt the present drive. THE NEW MASSES urges its readers to protest at once to Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, against this brazen flaunting of American traditions—against what may amount to the administration's complicity in murder.

IN LINE with this drive by the federal government against the foreign born, Alderman Charles Keegan of New York City has proposed a law that all non-citizens in the city who have not declared their intention of becoming citizens must register within five days. Those who fail to comply will be subject to a fine of $1,000 or one year in jail or both. The "need" for such a law, in Keegan's words, is "the widespread violation of laws in general and the commission of crimes in particular." But the real reason was revealed later—Mr. Keegan feels that such a law would aid the federal government in speeding the deportation of the foreign born. Undoubtedly the law would be directed particularly against non-citizens who are militant unionists, Communists and Socialists. Alderman Keegan's proposed legislation is only one of a recent series of reactionary bills designed to discriminate against minorities in the United States, to blame the economic breakdown on a small group of people and to obscure the real causes of suffering and starvation by singling them out as scapegoats.

The Cuban "Elections"

MIGUEL MARIANO GOMEZ, candidate of the coalition of Republican, Nationalist and Liberal Parties, is being greeted as the "president-elect" of Cuba who will begin his term on May 20. Results of the "noble, honorable and serene" election have already been delayed thirteen days, but everyone knows that the candidate of the United States Embassy will be president. The only other candidate was General Menocal who shouted fraud and who, because Gomez is so openly the candidate of imperialism, was forced by the pressure of some of his party to attack the imperialist-inspired reversal of the decision of the Supreme Electoral Court, the interference of the army in the election and to call, but how hesitatingly, for democratic rights.

THE real nature of this "constitutional" election is to be perceived not in the flowery phrases of the apologists of imperialism but in the stark reality of the reign of oppression. Although election for a Constituent Assembly was promised, this *general* election was *decreed* by a *provisional* president on the basis of the 1901 constitution forced on Cuba by Yankee armed intervention—that same constitution rejected by Mendieta a year earlier. All genuine trade-unions are dissolved by decree and new ones have been organized by the government; a Military Reserve has been organized in the shops; no democratic rights of any kind exist and all parties representative of the sentiments of the people — National Revolutionary Party, Communist Party, Young Cuba, National Agrarian Party—are outlawed. Because these parties called for a boycott of the election farce, hundreds of thousands of electors did not vote. The toll of dead

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in labor and political struggles in 1935 stands at near 100, the number of imprisoned political prisoners at 5,000, the number of exiles at several hundred. Dispatches to the American press furnish an obituary for these "representative" elections. They state the candidates have no program; the people are indifferent with no choice between the stage-prop candidates; thousands of soldiers come out "to preserve the peace . . ." During the election five were killed, more than a dozen wounded and dozens of cases of open interference by the army came to light even in the censored Cuban press.

GOMEZ will take office, but power will remain in the hands of the military dictator Batista and his master, Ambassador Caffery. Under their skilful manipulation the old Machado parties and followers are coming to the front as the agents of a program of fiercer repression and greater exploitation of the people. Caffery demanded the establishment of a "constitutional" regime the better to mask the drive for "sugar-harvest or blood," for payment of the fraudulent Public Works Bonds arranged with Machado by Chase National but repudiated by the people and under their pressure by everyone of the provisional regimes (quotations on these bonds rose from 35 to 46 on news of the election). Now, by a decree of the provisional president twelve newly established senatorial seats are given to the defeated Menocal as wages for his role in the stage-play—this after the "elections representative of the will of the people!"

Jim Crow in Colleges

THE Maryland Court of Appeals has just handed down a very significant decision holding that states that do not provide separate professional schools for Negroes must admit Negro students to state colleges despite laws providing for separate educational facilities. The case arose when a Maryland Negro sought admission to the state law school. The state resisted the application on the ground that its laws forbid Negroes and whites from attending the same schools but the court held that states must provide equal educational accommodations for all citizens and that until Maryland provides a law school for Negroes it must admit them to the state school. If the case is followed elsewhere, southern and border states, which have no medical, dental or law schools for Negroes, will either have to admit them to state universities or build such schools for them. Some northern states also refuse to admit Negro students to their medical and dental schools and they too are going to run into trouble when their rules are challenged. The Maryland case was the first of a series of cases in which the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People plans to challenge the whole inadequate educational set-up for Negroes.

Nazi Strikebreaking

A SMALL item in The National American of January 16—the Nazi Jew-baiting, anti-Red, anti-labor newspaper discussed by Joseph Freeman in this issue of THE NEW MASSES—throws an interesting light on the Cushman Bakery strike which has just been settled. "A number of residents in Yorkville," the paper states, "have pledged themselves to protect the windows of Cushman's bakery stores from Communist rowdies." This is but one instance of the propaganda that the Nazis have used in the first concerted attempt by an admittedly fascist organization in America to smash a labor union. And it may possibly be the beginning of such Hitler-inspired tactics throughout the country. The Nazis in the Bakery and Confectionary Workers Union, Local 50, cooperating with Nazi organizations outside the union, chose this method of retaliating for the A. F. of L.'s support of the boycott on German goods; when the strike was called at Cushman's, the Nazis mobilized their forces in and out of the union to break the strike.

THE union reported to the League of Women Shoppers. Investigation showed that while the plant management attempted to prevent organization of trade unions, it actively supported such Nazi groups as the Friends of New Germany and the National Labor Party. The company repeatedly refused to arbitrate or to negotiate with the strikers. But cooperation between the workers and the consumers have forced Cushman Bakeries to reinstate all strikers, to promise the discharge of strikebreakers and, most significant, to agree that employes can be represented in future negotiations with the company by delegates of their own choosing, union employes by the union. The League of Women Shoppers, with its active boycott campaign, not only gave moral backing to the workers but through the boycott forced the company to come to terms. The strike was a defeat not only of anti-union management but of Nazi racketeers attempting to break a trade union.

New Masses

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Brown Derby into High Hat

"It was perfect. Applause."—Pierre S. DuPont's comment on Al Smith's speech at the American Liberty League dinner.

AL SMITH took his stand last Saturday night at the dinner of the American Liberty League in Washington. He took his stand as salesman for the small but powerful group of monopoly capitalists representing the most reactionary force in America, a force which if unchecked will saddle fascism on America.

He was the star speaker at the "modest $5-a-plate dinner" attended by leaders of that group which determined at the cost of heightened exploitation of all working people to maintain the decaying system of capitalism and in the process to swell its own wealth still further.

There was much talk at the dinner that President Roosevelt "betrayed the country" because to some extent he has resisted pressure for outright fascist measures, because to appease a growing sentiment, sharpened by six years of the depression, hunger and want among the masses, he has made gestures in the direction of social legislation—unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, improvement of working conditions. Al Smith sounded the keynote, Al, "the man in the brown derby," the "friend of the plain people," as he liked to style himself. And what really happened was that Al Smith revealed himself as the betrayer of these very same "plain people," whose interests he never served except through one corner of his lips. The other was always occupied by an aromatic cigar.

The Smith speech served notice that Al Smith, who rose from East Side newsboy via the governorship of New York state to one of the worst-defeated Democratic presidential nominees, had gone over to the socially most backward group of exploiters in the country. His defense of the Supreme Court for its reactionary decisions, his attacks on the administration for its sops—legislative proposals, weasel proposals though they were—drew storms of applause from members of this group. And who composed this group? Even a partial list is illuminating:

John J. Raskob, of General Motors; James P. Warburg, American banker who also underwrites Hitler's German loans; John W. Davis, Liberty League lawyer, like Smith a defeated Democratic nominee, had made substantially the same speech for substantially the same group in New York City the night before; William Shearer, Big Navy lobbyist who wrecked a Geneva disarmament conference while in the pay of the Bethlehem Steel and allied corporations; Grayson M. P. Murphy, named as plotter of a fascist group; David Reed, former Republican Senator from Pennsylvania, attorney for the Mellon interests who once declared "What this country needs is a dictator."

The DuPonts present merit a paragraph of their own:

Felix A. DuPont, Jr.; A. V. DuPont; Mrs. A. V. DuPont; Emile F. DuPont; Eugene E. DuPont; Henry B. DuPont; Mrs. H. B. DuPont; Irenee DuPont; Mrs. Irenee DuPont; Miss Octavia DuPont; Pierre S. DuPont; Mrs. Pierre S. DuPont.

These were the ones who cheered Smith as he made his points and launched into a Red-baiting, violence-inciting finale. These were the same people, who, when Smith ran for President, jeered him for having been a newsboy, for being an East Side product, one unfit to inhabit the White House.

They adopt him now because they need him. The people think of him as "Al of the brown derby," the "plain man" himself. But since his defeat as a presidential candidate, Smith has come a long way toward being a big capitalist himself, mainly during the depression. Let us look at the record:

> President and director of the $55,000,000 Empire State Building; trustee of the $125,000,000 Postal Telegraph Company; director of the $2,000,000,000 Life Insurance Company; director of the $50,000,000 National Surety Corporation; Chairman of the board of directors of the $42,000,000 Lawyers County Trust Company; Chairman of the Board of the County Improvement Corporation; of the Meenan Coal Company, Inc.; the Meenan Oil Company, Inc.; director of the Knott Hotels Corporation, one of the country's largest chains of hotels.

Is it any wonder he was invited in from the sidewalks to eat caviar in tails and white tie? The "59 rulers of America," many of whom attended the dinner, seldom make a mistake in chosing a spokesman. Smith has been with them for a long time, heart and soul.

Smith started his speech with a reference to his ten grandchildren and his present "supreme happiness. . . ."

And then he sounded the battle-cry of big business, of reaction: Roosevelt is "Socialistic"; there must be no government meddling in private business, no compensation for the farmer, no regulation of tortuously long hours, no fixing even of outrageously low wage minimums; no social legislation; no government expenditures for relief; "no appeal to passion and prejudice that comes from the demagogue that would incite one class of our people against the other"—this before the most powerful minority group that ever attempted to impose its class will on the American nation.

There were the charges that Roosevelt had thrown the constitution overboard; that he had failed to enforce the Democratic platform, that Roosevelt is an autocrat. And then came the Bible raising, the flag waving and the Red-baiting:

> . . . Make the Constitution again the Civil Bible of the United States. . . . There can be only one capital, Washington or Moscow. There can be only one atmosphere of government, the clear, pure, fresh air of free America, or the foul breath of Communist Russia. There can be only one flag, the Stars and Stripes, or the flag of the godless Union of the Soviets. There can be only one national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner" or "The International."

The billionaire audience roared approval. Hearst, had he been there, would have joined in, for the speech—licentious as any plea for unrestrained capitalism must be—seemed a quotation from the papers of Smith's former arch enemy.

The evening was not lacking in irony. When Smith was the presidential nominee, Hoover attacked him as having abandoned "the tenets of his own party and turned to State Socialism for a solution of the country's problem," to which Smith replied that "the cry of Socialism has been patently raised by powerful interests that desire to put a damper on forward progressive legislation." The same group which now selects Smith as its spokesman assailed him in 1928 for "wanting to raise a foreign flag over the White House." Furthermore, Smith accused Roosevelt of being an autocrat: in 1933, before the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems, Smith said that in emergencies a democracy should "become a tyrant" as it had during the World War when "we took our Constitution, wrapped it up and laid it on the shelf until the war was over," and he characterized the depression as "a state of war."

Today, when the masses of the world are intensifying the struggle for a newer and better social system, Smith has passed through the "gateway of success"—to be the mouthpiece of the most powerful of the workers' enemies. As he puts his services at the disposal of the tories, his role as that of the lost leader is merely emphasized. Four times governor of the Empire State, he failed to justify the faith millions of people placed in him as their friend. Always at least the unofficial spokesman for the top hierarchy of the Catholic Church, which has never concerned itself with the needs of even the Catholic masses which has always been a bulwark against enlightenment and progress and which has again joined Hearst in his current incendiary Red-baiting campaign, Smith now finds that he is able to carry on the same work for the American Liberty League.

Once more the one-time faith of the masses in a politician—and Smith always was a "regular" Tammanyite—has been betrayed. This knowledge must undoubtedly stimulate the present drive for a real political organization to serve the masses' own needs, such as a new Farmer-Labor Party. They know that Smith now definitely belongs to their enemy, the American Liberty League.

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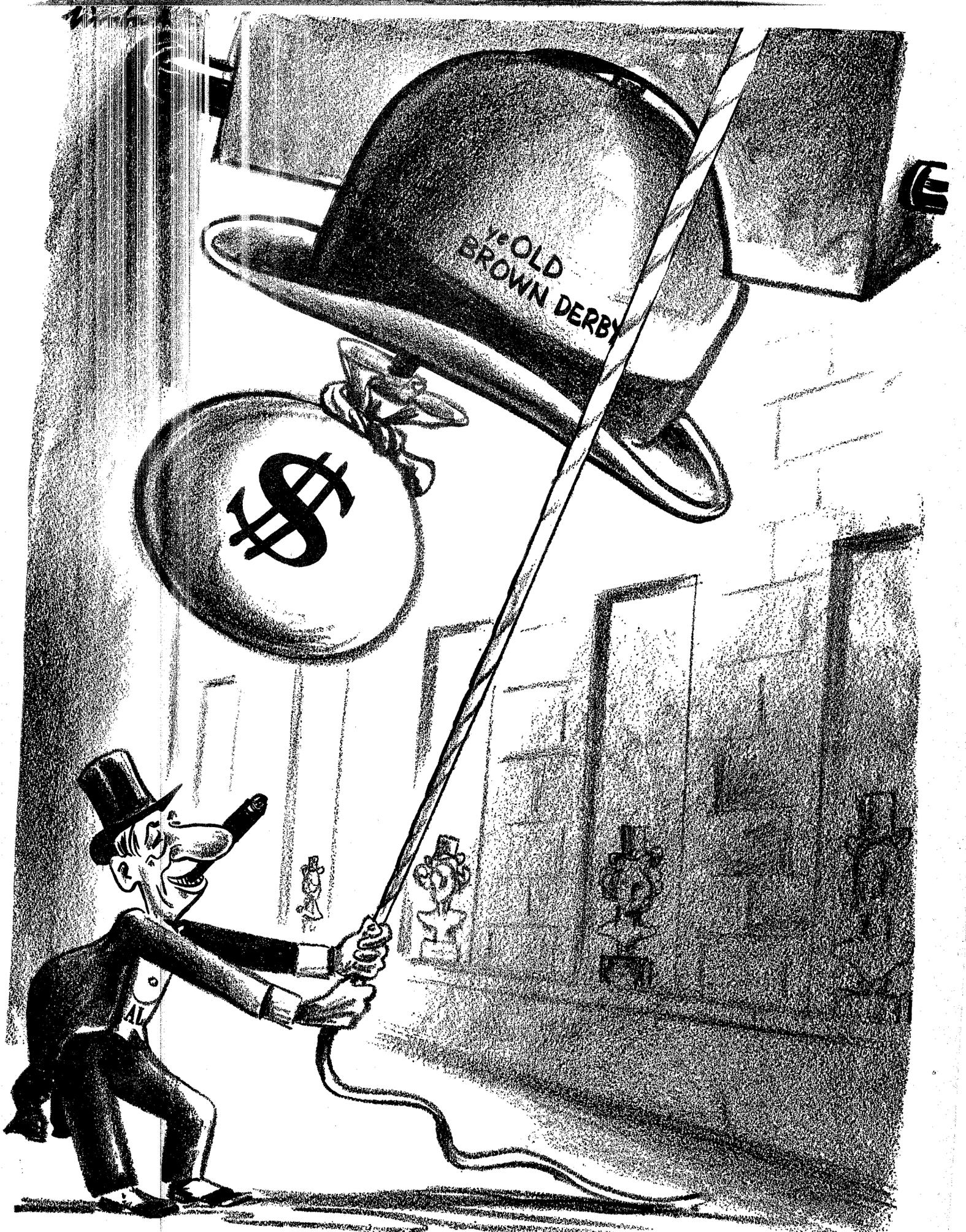

Russell T. Limbach

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Hitler's Road: East or South?

JOHN STRACHEY

LONDON, Jan. 27.

WHILST our press has been full of nothing but endless reports of the king's funeral, the world has not stood still. Tucked away on back pages of the British newspapers it has been just possible to find brief reports of world events of the first importance. It may perhaps be well to take this opportunity to survey what has happened since the British press ceased to take any interest in anything except such questions as "who was to pull the gun carriage?" or "the name of the late king's white pony."

The French government of Laval has fallen. What is more, a new French government of a perceptibly different character has contrary to carefully fostered anticipations been successfully formed. We must remember that the successive French crises are not merely ordinary political maneuvering: they are maneuvers, but they *are* desperate maneuvers for position in a situation which in the opinion of many qualified observers may well end in civil war within three months. Every shift of position is of intense importance for the French people, for it affects the question of what the situation will be if and when things come to a head.

The most interesting appointment of the new government is that of Flandin as foreign secretary. Flandin is said to represent a different section of the French capitalist class to that for which Laval stands and fights. Laval is the hireling of the great, centralized, fully fascist French interests—the iron and steel and munitions makers, the Comité des Forges and such great French finance houses as the Rothschilds. Flandin is said to stand for the individually less important, but still very numerous and collectively therefore almost equally powerful, smaller French capitalist interests who have not yet at any rate become fully fascist in intention. In foreign affairs this difference is reflected by the fact that Laval is out and out pro-Mussolini, while Flandin is pro-British. Laval and his gang are, in other words, willing to sacrifice the obvious national interests of France in order at all costs to prop up Italian fascism so that fascism itself may not be discredited before it can be used in France. Flandin, on the other hand, can afford to pay more attention to the ordinary national interests of the French capitalists, which are of course to stick with England at all costs.

Thus there is absolutely no doubt that the formation of the new French government means that the British cabinet could now impose oil sanctions and stop the war at any moment. The new French government would certainly cooperate in a real League policy. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that the attention of the British people should be recalled from the funeral distractions which the press is providing. For the peace policy on which they insisted in December is in danger of being betrayed a second time. Mussolini's hacks in the British press are already saying that British public opinion has entirely changed since last December and that there is now nothing but sympathy for Italian fascism and no demand whatever for sanctions. The truth is that the main obstacle to the imposition of effective sanctions—the government of Laval—is now out of the way and that therefore the British government has no remaining excuse for inaction.

The question arises, when will the League of Nations, trade unions and other forces which brought Hoare down awake to this fact and insist on the League stopping the war, as it undoubtedly could now at any moment? There is no doubt that the inner anti-sanctionist group in the British cabinet is now the one effective support of Italian fascism, the one force which is preventing the strengthening of the League of Nations to such an extent that no fascist power would dare break the peace in the immediate future.

The recent meeting of the League council, in spite of its disgraceful failure to do anything effective on oil sanctions, showed that even as it is, the events of recent months have perceptibly strengthened the League. For in spite of the fact (and it is a most significant and dangerous fact) that Hitler had evidently been able to square the Poles, the League was able to impose its own settlement in Danzig. The Danzig incident is a demonstration of the undoubted fact that the League powers do not in the least lack the ability to dominate the situation and to prevent fascist aggression. What they lack is the effective will to do so. For the British government is still more than half in sympathy with the fascist aggressors. Still, under the steady pressure of the French and British peoples, their governments are being forced, reluctant step by reluctant step, to strengthen the League. We have only to maintain and increase that pressure in order to make the outbreak of a fascist war in Europe impossible in the near future.

It is interesting and not, I think, uninstructive to speculate on what is likely to happen in this event. If it is possible to reassert the League's authority, to secure the ratification of the Franco-Soviet pact and to stop the Italian fascist war, the formidable barriers against Nazi aggression will have been built in both the West and the East. For the military strength of the Soviet Union is evidently growing at an ever accelerating speed. France and Britain, if they stick together, are still after all a formidable combination both in the East and the West. There are being built forces which Nazi Germany with her grave economic weaknesses may well pause before she tackles.

What then will hapen? For Hitler's imperative need for imperialist expansion will not cease to grow. It seems probable that unless vigorous preventative steps are taken in time Hitler will march South. The mere strengthening of the barriers against him in the East and West will create a sort of funnel down which the explosive forces of Nazi expansion will blow out upon south-east Europe. After all, what the Nazis must have if they are to survive as a capitalist state is a new agricultural area. They must have an agricultural base to provide foodstuffs to feed their industrial workers upon. Without that, any major war will always be a desperate adventure for them. This is, of course, why they have always regarded the Ukraine as their essential objective. But if and when it becomes clear to them that they cannot get the Ukraine without desperate risk of defeat, they may reach out for the Hungarian plain as a substitute.

I believe, in other words, that the old Nazi plan of the *Anschluss* or union with Austria will be actively revived in the near future. But it will not really be Austria with her considerable industrial population that Germany will be after. The wheat fields of the Danubian plain will be Hitler's essential objective. Moreover, if the Nazis succeed in acquiring the political and economic control of that vast area which lies between the Bavarian frontier and the Black Sea, they will have almost doubled their war strength. It is imperative that every friend of peace in Europe should strive to prevent this development.

THE SPIVAK ARTICLES

have not yet reached us. As explained last week, they have been mailed from Europe and will be printed as soon as received.—THE EDITORS.

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"Fortune" and the Jews

Anti-Semitism in America Today

JOSEPH FREEMAN

I HAVE before me a filthy little sheet called The National American. It claims to be the official organ of the American National Labor Party. The name is familiar. Hitler's party calls itself the *German* National Labor Party. In case there might be any doubt about the connection, the sheet carries two swastikas on its masthead, and half of its contents is printed in German.

This is flagrant Nazi propaganda, published and circulated in New York City. You are therefore not surprised to read its hysterical outbursts against Jews, liberals, Socialists, Communists and the "Jew Deal," headed by President Roosevelt and his "semitic" advisers. It is all in the finest Nazi traditions.

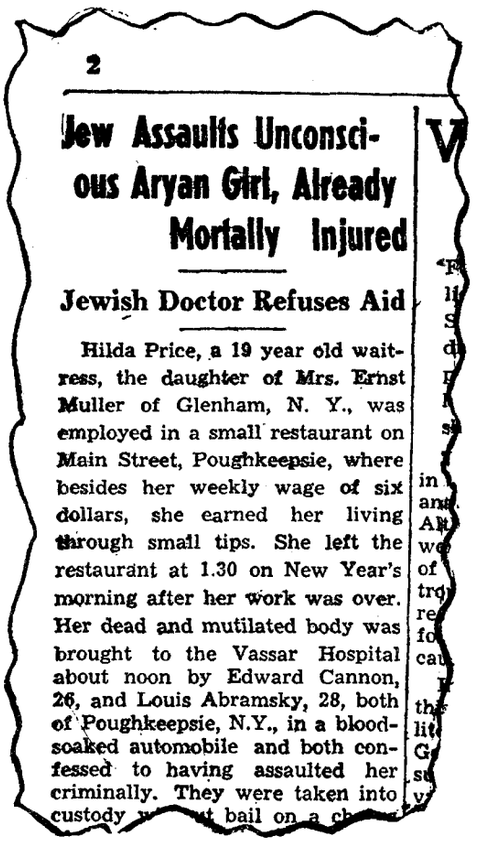
Here is a venomous attack on the Civil Liberties Union, with appropriate citations from The Chicago Tribune and the Lusk Committee. Here is an open letter to Secretary of Labor Perkins protesting against the proposal to admit 6,500 "Jewish and *Christian* refugees" from Germany, on the ground that they are "undesirables." The Jewish race is responsible for the evils of banking. Supreme Court Justice Brandeis, the "unofficial presidential adviser," is the father of the "communistic" New Deal. Senator Borah is another viper for having advocated American recognition of the Soviet Union. Christians are tortured in Russia. The League of Nations is a Jewish idea. Four people were killed in renewed outbreaks of anti-semitism in Poland—obviously a hint as to how America might solve its own Jewish problem. This kind of barbarous incitement to race hatred and violence is decorated with pro-Hitler propaganda.

The American Gentile, another filthy little sheet which lies before me, does not have this obvious Nazi origin, but its ideas are indistinguishable from those of Dr. Goebbels. Self-appointed champion of God, Home and Country, this paper stands "for the defense of gentile culture and civilization." Its slogans are: Take America away from the Jews! Vote and buy Gentile! The American Gentile is published in Chicago by the Right Cause Publishing Company, whose presses pour out numerous pamphlets inciting hatred and violence against Jews.

These are only two examples of the rapidly increasing anti-semitic literature which is being freely circulated in this country. But it contains the essence of that world-wide Jew-baiting which fascism initiates, encourages and subsidizes for its own purposes.

The nature of this propaganda is too well known to need much exposition. In its attempt to save capitalism from collapse, fascism must deflect the discontent of the people, embittered by unemployment and hunger. It seeks to concentrate the hatred of the bankers upon the Jewish bankers. It seeks to counteract the growing influence of Communism upon the working and middle classes by painting it as a Jewish plot. In order to confuse and mislead the people, bitterly dissatisfied with the continuing economic crisis, fascism must have a scapegoat and a myth. The scapegoat is the Jew; the myth is the international Jewish conspiracy for the seizure of world power—a conspiracy which operates through the such unexpected channels as the League of Nations, the White House and the Kremlin!

For the most part, this anti-semitic propaganda appeals to the most primitive anxieties and passions. The American Gentile publishes lists of crimes committed by Jews, usually in a minor vein which a Dillinger or Al Capone would scorn as too petty to bother with. The Scottsboro motif is also raised. The Jews are accused of having a "racial program calling, wherever possible, for the seduction of a *Shikse,* any Gentile girl, young or unprotected to whom, as a class, they have applied that most opprobrious, significant and insulting epithet of *"chicken."* The American Gentile goes further and accuses the Jews outright of "unspeakable bestial degeneracy."



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Jew Assaults Unconscious Aryan Girl, Already Mortally Injured

Jewish Doctor Refuses Aid

Hilda Price, a 19 year old waitress, the daughter of Mrs. Ernst Muller of Glenham, N. Y., was employed in a small restaurant on Main Street, Poughkeepsie, where besides her weekly wage of six dollars, she earned her living through small tips. She left the restaurant at 1.30 on New Year's morning after her work was over. Her dead and mutilated body was brought to the Vassar Hospital about noon by Edward Cannon, 26, and Louis Abramsky, 28, both of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., in a blood-soaked automobile and both confessed to having assaulted her criminally. They were taken into custody

From the National American of January 8, 1936

If you have traveled through the United States you know that, here as elsewher large sections of the rural population, lated, steeped in superstitions centuries c are susceptible to sinister myths of this kir The ignorant southern white readily believe this falsehood about the Negro. Now the professional anti-semite would have all Gentile Americans believe it about Jewish Americans. You can imagine, too, if you have not already heard it, the whispering campaign which accompanies this kind of foul print.

THE educated classes for the most part do not believe such nonsense. But was it not only last year that a leading American novelist fell into an anxiety-neurosis which led him to share the credo of The American Gentile that Jews are guilty of "sharp practices, low cunning, insurance frauds and dishonest bankruptcy proceedings"? The professional Jew-baiter appeals to the poor man's fear for his daughter's virtue; it stirs the rich man's fear for his property. This is the psychological basis of the fascist's two main arguments: all Jews are Communists, all Communists are Jews, he says; and the Jews already dominate American social, economic and political life.

One of the few items in The American Gentile which has the semblance of human speech is a quotation from Irvin L. Potter, of Boston, author of *The Cause of Anti-Jewism in the United States.* Potter cries out to high heaven that the Jews

> control fifty percent or more of the meat-packing industry; upward of sixty percent of the shoe-making industry; jewelry; grain; the liquor business; the clothing industry; the loan business. Our thoughts are moulded by a large and powerful group of Jewish journalists. A large number of our department stores are held by Jewish firms, doing business under the cover of gentiles' names. Jews are the largest and most numerous landlords of residential property in the country. They are supreme in the theatrical world. They absolutely control the circulation of publications throughout the country. The trusts and the banks, the natural resources and the agricultural products are under the control of Jewish financiers and their agents, who are associated with Jews in Europe.

Potter himself is probably a crackpot or a charlatan. But his brand of nightmare is apparently shared by people who ought to know better, if one is to judge by the attention which Fortune is now giving to anti-semitism in the United States. As you know, Fortune is America's best-looking and most

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sive magazine. Only people with plenty money can afford it at a dollar an issue. Almost every month it carries handsomely illustrated articles on the ownership of the leading banks, industries and publications of America. But do we know who really owns Fortune? I have heard it said that the magazine is controlled by the notoriously anti-semitic House of Morgan; but I have never seen proof of this assertion. You may be sure, however, that Fortune is in the most impeccable Aryan hands, controlled neither by "international Jewry," the Freemasons, Moscow, the White House, Senator Borah the Civil Liberties Union. Essentially it he organ of the wealthiest and most cul-ed sections of America's governing class.

All the more significant, then, is the anonmous piece in its current issue entitled *Jews in America.* The authors are impressed by the barbarous consequences of fascism wherever it has gained a foothold; and they have had the insight to see the connection between fascism and anti-semitism. They have therefore made a statistical survey, point by point, of the main charges advanced by the professional Jew-baiters.

TO BEGIN with, they show that there is no ground for anti-semitism in America in the increase in Jewish numbers. There are now 4,500,000 Jews in the United States. This is only one-thirty-second of our total population of 130,000,000. Furthermore, Fortune points out, the great mass of American Jews, like the great mass of American non-Jews, is made up of workers, employed and unemployed, to whom "the control of industry is a purely academic matter."

The Jews do not run banking, as the anti-semites say. They play little or no part in the great commercial houses. In 1933, for example, there were nineteen firms in the New York Clearing House, with 420 directors. Only 30 of these were Jews, about half of whom were connected with the Commercial National Bank and Trust Company and the Public National Bank and Trust. There is not one Jew among the directors of the Bank of New York and Trust Company, the National City Bank, Guaranty Trust, Bankers' Trust or the New York Trust. There are practically *no* Jewish employes of any kind in the largest commercial banks, though many customers are Jews.

The investment field contains Jewish houses, notably Kuhn, Loeb and Company, Speyer and Company, J. & W. Seligman; Ladenburg, Thalmann and Company, and Lehman Brothers. But their activities are negligible compared with those of the non-Jewish houses. On March 31 of last year, for example, 19.87 percent of all outstanding loans were made by the House of Morgan; 11.71 by the National City Company; 8.45 by Chase, Harriman, Forbes; 6.68 by Guaranty Trust; 6.18 by Bancamerica-Blaire; 4.23 by Lee Higginson and only 2.88 percent by Kuhn, Loeb. And even the so-called Jewish houses have many non-Jews in their *executive* leadership.

The Jews, Fortune concludes, have a subordinate place in finance and an even smaller place in heavy industry. They are almost wholly absent in automobile production, steel, rubber, coal and their role in shipping and transportation is negligible. "A vast continent of heavy industry and finance may be staked out in which Jewish participation is incidental or non-existent," says Fortune on the basis of available statistics.

> To this may be annexed other important areas into which Jews have rarely penetrated, such as light and power and telephone and telegraph and engineering in general and heavy machinery and lumber and dairy products. In brief, Jews are so far from controlling the most characteristic of present-day American activities, that they are hardly represented in them at all.

Only in the light industries are the Jews represented to any extent, and even here not so much in production as in distribution. The most striking example of this is the clothing business. Tobacco comes next. Department stores are Jewish chiefly in New York. The further West you move, the more non-Jewish these stores become in ownership and control. By and large, Fortune concludes, the case for Jewish control of American industry falls flat.

BUT what of Jewish control in the moulding of public opinion? The interest of Jews in the newspaper field is small, Fortune's investigation has found. There are only four important Jewish newspaper chains in America. The Ochs interests own The New York Times and The Chattanooga Times; J. David Stern owns The New York Post, The Philadelphia Record and The Camden (New Jersey) Courier and Post; Paul Block owns The Newark Star-Eagle, The Toledo Blade and Times and The Duluth News Tribune; Emanuel P. Adler owns several newspapers in Iowa, Wisconsin, Missouri and Nebraska. But all four of these chains combined do not reach even one-half of Hearst's daily circulation. Nor can they be compared with such chains as Patterson-McCormick or Scripps-Howard.

In the magazine field, Jewish influence is even smaller, being confined chiefly to The New Yorker, The American Mercury, Esquire and The Nation. In the advertising agencies, Jewish ownership is estimated at from one to three percent. A similar situation prevails in the publishing field. Jewish-owned houses like Viking, Simon and Schuster, Knopf, Covici-Friede and Random House do not rank in size of annual list with such non-Jewish houses as Macmillan, Scribner's, Harper's, Houghton-Mifflin, Appleton-Century and Doubleday-Doran.

In radio, the Columbia network is under Jewish control; the National Broadcasting

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American Gentile

For GOD, HOME and COUNTRY

A semi-monthly for the defense of Gentile Culture and Civilization

VOLUME 1 — OCTOBER 15, & NOVEMBER 1, 1935 — No. 6 & No. 7

BIG JEWS DESERT ROOSEVELT!

Chief GENTILE FRONT To Be Made "GOAT"

Kosher "Patriots" Are Swarming to Republican Banners

There is a superstitious belief among the old time sailors that when the rats start to desert a ship — she is headed for disaster.

Lately the old Wise "Rats" started to slide down the rope, deserting the Roosevelt—Frankfurter "JEW-DEAL" ship of state.

ROOSEVELT HAILS JEWISH SOVIET

TELEGRAPHS FELICITATIONS TO THE JUBILEE OF MURDERERS AND CRIMINALS

A man is known by the company he keeps, by the persons he hails.

On the occasion of the 18th anniversary of the "MODERN JEWISH PURIM," the conquest of Russia by a gang of predominantly Jewish murderers [illegible] Roosevelt has [illegible]

"FOLLOW THE LEADER"

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Company, although headed by David Sarnoff, is owned by the Radio Corporation of America and is predominantly non-Jewish. In the New York theater, Jewish control is prominent, but Fortune explains this on the ground that Jews constitute 30 percent of the city's population. Actually, if we disregard special companies like the Theater Guild, the Group Theater and the Theater Union, there are fifty-six Jewish and fifty-eight non-Jewish producers. In the films, Jewish control is smaller today than it used to be. "At the very most," Fortune concludes, "half the opinion-making and taste-influencing paraphernalia in American is in Jewish hands."

In agriculture, Jewish influence is so negligible that even the professional anti-semites do not talk about it. It is estimated that there are only about 80,000 Jews in a total farm population of 30,500,000.

Now one of the most persistent accusations—in America as in Germany—is that the Jews over-run the learned professions, particularly law and medicine. The anti-semites claim that from one-third to one-half of New York City's lawyers and doctors are Jewish. To this Fortune replies that one-third of New York's population is Jewish. Besides, 50 percent of New York's lawyers does not mean 50 percent of New York's *lawyer power*. The most important office law business in America, according to Fortune, is in the hands of non-Jewish firms, many of which have Jewish clients but no Jewish partners. This business includes legal work incidental to banking, insurance, trust company operation, investment work, railroading, patents, admiralty and large corporation matters in general. Jewish legal activity is found most frequently in the bankruptcy courts, real-estate law, negligence, divorce, collections and litigation in general, that is in those branches of law which for good economic reason do not interest non-Jewish lawyers.

What is true of law, is true of medicine. New York City, Fortune asserts, has "numerous good Jewish doctors and a few very great Jewish doctors. But Jews do not occupy a position of power corresponding to their abilities or their numbers in the profession."

If the alleged Jewish advantage in the professions is shadow rather than substance, Jewish importance in politics is even smaller. Despite Barney Baruch and Henry Morgenthau, the role of Jews in Roosevelt's Washington is minor. The fascist would have you believe that a mystical entity called "the Jews" at one and the same time dominate the capitalist state *and* seek to overthrow it. The "Jew Deal" in the White House and the Red bogey are supposed to be part of a single conspiracy. On this score, Fortune points out that the 27,000 members of the Communist Party of the United States only three or four thousand are Jews. It might have added that the outstanding leaders of the party—people like Earl Browder, William Z. Foster, Robert Minor, Mother Bloor, Clarence Hathaway and others—are as "Aryan" as Herbert Hoover. It does, however, indicate one good reason why Jewish workers and intellectuals take to Communism. Is it any wonder when people who are persecuted repudiate the status quo? The same holds true of all oppressed minorities.

THE figures gathered by Fortune ought to destroy forever the criminal accusations of the Jew-baiters—*if* anti-semitism had a rational basis. Unfortunately, as Germany has shown, race hatred, deliberately promoted for political purposes, stirs not the mind but the viscera. In Germany, too, the Jews constituted a very small part of the population; their role in finance, industry and politics was as minor as it is here. This did not prevent the Nazis from inflating a few surface manifestations into a monstrous myth.

The hatred of the Jew is so old, so deep, so irrational, that it retains its hold unconsciously even upon liberal minds. You notice with surprise that the anonymous writers in Fortune, who are obviously anxious to combat fascism and anti-semitism, fall into thoughtless but significant phrases. In spite of themselves, they talk of the "Talmudic" mind of the Jew—as do The National American and The American Gentile. The Fortune writers honestly believe that the "second-generation Jewish intellectual with his background of Talmudic dialectic is mentally predisposed to Marxism to a degree which he himself rarely appreciates." For all their hatred of Jew-baiting, they do not stop to think that *with the exception of Karl Marx nearly all the leading Marxists have been non-Jews with no "Talmudic" background.*

But so subtle is the poison that has filtered through the western mind through centuries, that even Sinclair Lewis, in a novel whose most striking feature is its animosity toward a fascist dictatorship, cannot help making his Communist characters Jews with foreign accents. The anonymous writers in Fortune even believe that the "attachment of men of other *blood* to the *earth* on which they were born is sometimes incomprehensible to the traditionally earthless Jew." I have deliberately emphasized the words *blood* and *earth*. They are the precise though unintentional English equivalent of Hitler's *Blut und Boden.*

It is too bad that Fortune's article is exclusively illustrated with pictures of the Ark of the Covenant, the ceremonies of Atonement Day and Passover and temple interiors These symbols of an ancient faith concer the modern Jew little. Reproduced in a ge eral study of Jews in America, they onl

AMERICA FOR THE AMERICANS

American Bulletin

THE WHITE MAN'S VIEWPOINT

Box A, 1308 First Avenue, New York City.
(Stationery)

No. 38 New York, December 31, 1935 Price 5¢.

THE REVOLUTION OF NORDIC THOUGHT!

When the 20th Century will have settled in the past, its beginning will be seen as an era of change as revolutionary as that brought over the world through Christianity, as an era in which the ever present and struggling yet long repressed will to freedom of the Nordic soul has shaken a world and transformed it. Age-old conflicts and quarrels in the minds of the true historian and scientist are suddenly grasped and settled with precise finality. A new vision has been born whose view does not only transcend the darkness of the past, giving to outstanding personalities a new

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serve to support the provocative myth that the Jew is an exotic and mystical alien.

THE problem of race prejudice rises not out of statistics, but out of attitudes of mind, which in turn arise out of social-economic relationships. Jew-baiting is different in origin but not in essence from Negro-lynching or the massacre of Armenians by Georgians in pre-revolutionary Russia. Fascism can stimulate race hatred and violence because capitalism as a system of society is based upon the exploitation of class by class and race by race. The capitalist state will not make lynching a crime, but it will make the expression of progressive ideas a crime. It will arrest the editor of a labor paper for championing the interests of the workers, but will, in the name of a "free press," permit the circulation of sheets like The National American and The American Gentile.

Fortune's investigation deals an effective blow against the false allegations of the anti-semites. But the Jewish question will continue to be a painful one so long as the Jew is either attacked or defended as a *social, political and economic entity.* Jews, like other peoples, are divided into antagonistic classes; and the Jewish workers and lower middle-classes have as little use for Bernard M. Baruch as the Gentile workers and lower middle-classes have for J. P. Morgan.

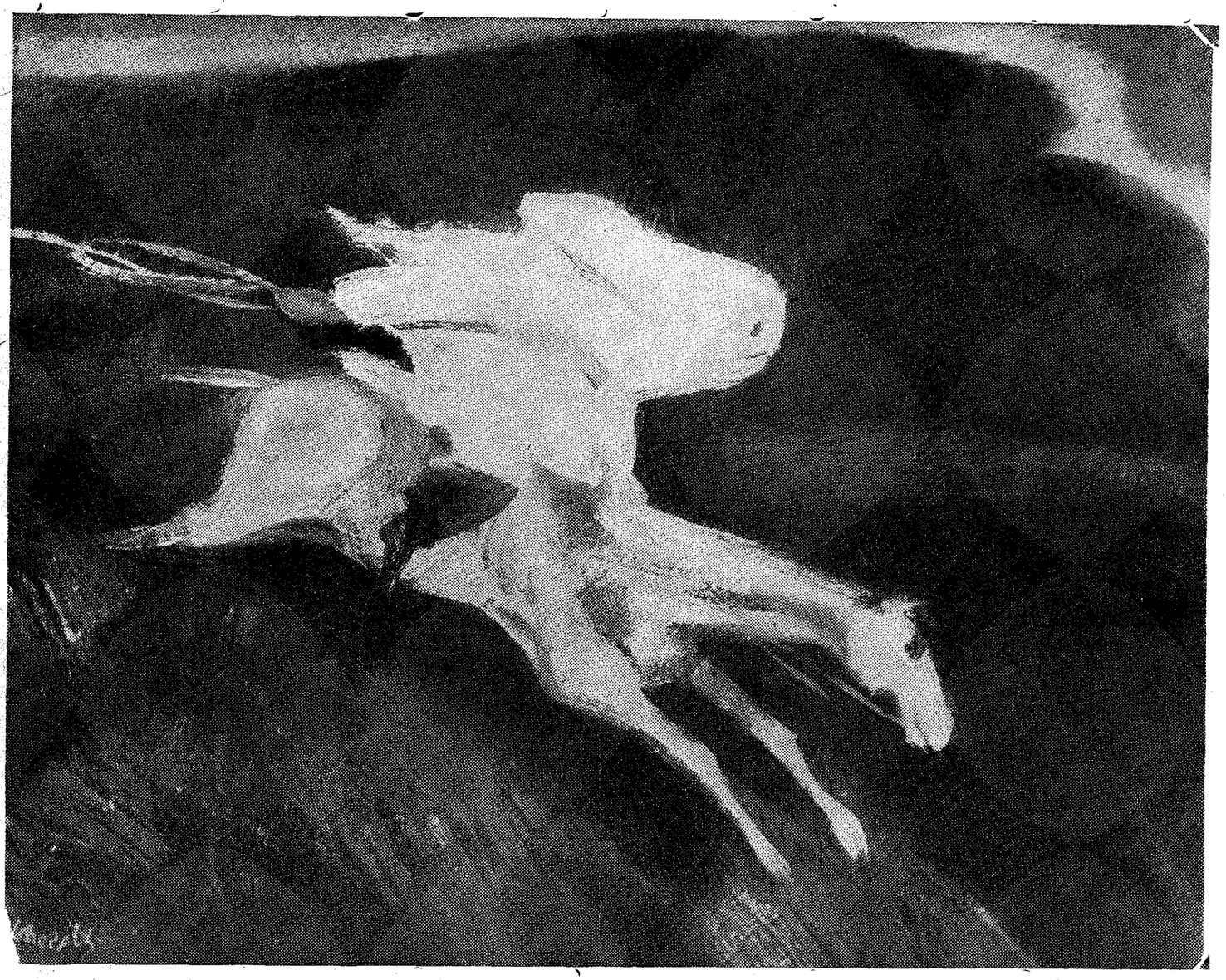
Fortune believes that "there is no reason for anxiety." Organized anti-semitism in this country "is a poor thing indeed."

It was only yesterday that we heard similar consolations about the Nazis. They were pictured as ineffectual madmen. But it happened in Germany and presumably it could happen anywhere else. The anonymous liberals in Fortune assert that "any nation which permits a minority to live in fear of persecution is a nation which invites disaster." But it is even more true to say that any governing class which faces disaster instigates the persecution of minorities on the principle of divide and conquer. The more critical the condition of capitalism, the more the exploiting group incites to group hatred and violence—against Jew, Negro, Catholic as reactionary political interests may require.

Far better, then, to ring the alarm too loudly than not to ring it at all. Today, there cannot possibly be too much anxiety about fascism in any of its manifestations. The fact that the authorities last year arrested no less than 5,000 men and women for their *progressive* views, while permitting virulent Jew-baiting sheets to circulate freely is itself something to disturb all who oppose the spread of fascism in this country.

Fortune's "solution" for the problems of growing anti-semitism is "mutual toleration and respect" between Jew and Gentile, the first condition of which must be "the quieting of Jewish apprehensiveness and the consequent elimination of the aggressive and occasionally provocative Jewish defensive measures."

This seems too simple. Jew-baiting is only one aspect of the general drive for fascism conducted by tories as picayune as the National American and as powerful as the Liberty League. Against this menace all progressive forces, Jews and Gentile, Negro and white, proletarian and middle class, must unite in a broad People's Front for the defense of civilization.



THE KLAN RIDES

William Gropper

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The Shooting of Ozie Powell

MICHAEL GOLD

ANOTHER crime against the Scottsboro boys has been added to the monstrous tale. Every decent human being shudders as this great American tragedy sinks to darker depths of falsehood, hate and horror.

It seems that Ozie Powell, manacled to two of the other boys and flanked by armed guards, in an auto being followed by cars filled with other armed men, went insane. He tried to stab a guard, who had taunted and threatened him. A moment later, Ozie was yanked back to his senses by the other boys. The three boys threw up their manacled hands in submission. But the brave sheriff got out of the car, pulled his gun and pointed it at the terrified boys:

"I'm goin' to get rid of all you sons of bitches!" he said. Then coldly, slowly, viciously he fired a shot at close range into the forehead of manacled young Ozie. The boy now lies in a hospital near death.

After this, followed a farrago of clumsy official lies and alibis. The boy was shot trying to escape, they said. The knife had been given him by the Northern lawyers and was part of the "New York plot" against white supremacy in the South. The prosecutors even prepared an indictment, not against the murderous sheriff, but against the three boys for attempted murder. How horribly familiar it all sounds! Translated into German, could this not have been easily mistaken for a late report from Hitler's gory Naziland? But it was Alabama this time, Alabama where Jesus Christ is still humbly worshipped and Negroes crucified on a bitter cross.

Shackled to two other boys, and surrounded by armed guards, Ozie Powell could never have dreamed of escape. And could any lawyer have been so witless as to give him a knife in such a plan? The boy was simply mad, and, when one reads the story told by his companions, Roy Wright and Clarence Norris, one can understand the reason.

The deputy sheriffs had terrorized the boys before their hearing in court, and had tried to nag and bully them into repudiating their lawyers. The boys refused to do it.

Going back after the hearing, the deputy driving with Sheriff Sandlin beside him, turned to the boys in the rear seat, and said (according to Wright's story as told to attorney Samuel Liebowitz):

"Why didn't you niggers do as I asked you? You're going to fool around and stay in jail five more years. All the lawyers want to do is to make a big hurrah, to raise more money for their own benefit. Liebowitz has brought Mr. Watts into the case to draw more money. The lawyers will profit a million dollars on you and then drop you. I don't blame you boys for not doing as I said before today, because you boys didn't realize what the lawyers had been up to. But you have been told two or three times what to do and wouldn't take my advice, and from now on I will not have any more mercy on you than on a snake."

The Wright boy told the deputy he was satisfied with the lawyers. Then the sheriff broke in: "I told you niggers you wouldn't get a trial and I'll bet ten-to-one you won't be tried in ten years. If I had my way I'd drive all these lawyers out of town."

So young Ozie muttered, rashly, "Oh, I'd rather have these lawyers than any I've ever seen."

Outraged, the deputy sheriff turned and slapped Ozie across the face. And Ozie suddenly pulled a knife, cut him, and threw the knife away. Then the sheriff got out slowly. Slowly he pulled his gun, aimed, and shot young, tortured, insane Ozie through the head. This is Alabama justice, this is how Alabama Christians treat other Alabama Christians who have black skins.

WHAT a picture the stumbling story of the boys reveals! What a background of years of similar face-slapping, bullying, intrigue and terrorization by the state officials! The Scottsboro boys were literally children when they were first framed-up on the rape charge. They have come up to adolescence in the Southern jail, amidst armed and cruel white men who hated them, taunted them, confused them. It is a marvel that these boys, country lads with little education, have retained definite dignity and fortitude in this hell. Stronger men than they have gone insane under such treatment. But only Ozie Powell has finally cracked, and now he is dying in a hospital for his moment of mad protest.

No, Christian gentlemen of Alabama, you landlords and sheriffs, you respectable preachers, editors and bankers; you cannot make the world believe that these boys have not been tortured by you! They are only Negroes to you, and you do not extend your Christian mercy and faith to Negroes, but act to them like fiends. But throughout the world there are millions of sane people, of all shades of color, who think of Negroes as human beings. They know why Ozie Powell finally cracked, and they will never forgive your High Sheriff who deliberately shot to kill at a frightened, manacled Negro boy; all the scent of Arabia can't wash out the murder-stains on your hands!

This is a new crisis in the Scottsboro case, itself a great symbolic crisis and turning point in the hundred-year war of white American imperialism against the Negro people.

Just as the Dreyfus case in France exposed to the world that French militarism was morally corrupt, so does this Scottsboro case now advertise in letters of fire to the world that over twelve million dark-skinned Americans live under a bloody dictatorship as evil as Hitler's or Mussolini's.

At the latest trial of Haywood Patterson, the prosecuting attorney, a Sunday school superintendent, roared at the jury: "Say to yourselves, 'We're tired of this job,' and put it behind you. Get it done quick, and protect the fair womanhood of this great state!"

And one of the jurymen called out, according to the reporters: "Sure, let's come back tonight and get it over with!" And they did return, chuckling as if at a fine joke, and brought in a verdict of guilty. Judge "Speed" Callahan then gave the Scottsboro boy a sentence of seventy-five years.

This is the atmosphere in which all along for years the case has been tried. Many reputable Northern reporters have related their conversations with residents of the community. The people are filled with an irrational and awful hatred. One can argue with them no more than with devil-worshippers of Asia and this newest frame-up of Ozie Powell will add fresh poison to the Alabama pit of hell and hate.

A NEW fight must and will be made to bring the case into a clearer atmosphere. The Scottsboro boys and the millions who believe in their complete innocence ask for nothing more than justice. The lynching spirit, even when it disguises itself with legal trappings, never can produce justice. There must be a change of venue.

Yes, in the words of the prosecutor, the world is tired of this case. Every day the belief spreads more widely, that this is nothing but a legal lynching. Where are the decent people of Alabama? If they love their state and their country, they will "put this case behind them" by insisting that justice be done. It is a disgrace to the South, it is the shame of America.

Robert E. Lee would not have coldly shot a defenseless Negro boy in the head and then lied and said he was trying to escape. The shooting of Ozie Powell should add thousands of decent Southerners to the world legions that now demand justice for the Scottsboro boys.

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"Scottsboro Country"

BLAINE OWEN

The three following sketches, written by former organizer in "the Scottsboro country," indicate the effect of the trials on the people of Alabama — particularly on the workers. The defense, conducted by the International Labor Defense at the time these sketches were written, is now being handled by the Scottsboro Defense Committee, a United Front group of five mass organizations: The American Civil Liberties Union, the League for Industrial Democracy, the International Labor Defense, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the Methodist Federation for Social Service.—THE EDITORS.

IT IS gaunt country and the cotton stood only a foot and a half or two feet in the drab fields, the bolls scrimpy and hard.

Men grow up like that, too, and women, out of the land of northern Alabama. Coming up out of the Black Belt where the bolls spring out of the bud with a soft, white zest, where land is fertile and the great plantations rest on the strong, flexing shoulders of the Negro, you feel as if you were in a different country here, on the other side of the mountains which cut through the state.

Decatur is flat and lifeless. I walked out past the abandoned railroad shops, left the pavement and knew then I was in the Negro section.

One, two, three, I counted the rutted, dirt streets, hard baked by the merciless sun. Turn to the right and past the cluttered, leering, clapboard shacks which were the homes of—I thought of Haywood Patterson's home in Chattanooga and picked out a house with a broken step which looked just like it.

Stopping to pick up a pebble, I glanced back between my legs. No one in sight. I stepped quickly across the ditch and into the unpainted, square building, with the rough wooden cross nailed up over the door. This was the place.

The preacher went right on, reading verse after verse from his great Bible, his chest swelling out of the too-small morning coat. One day a week he preached the word of the Lord, six days heaved cotton bales in the mill. There were the few moments during which Grace, buxom and stiff in a starched white dress, saw me and came down the aisle, happiness glowing from her broad face, wide eyes and startling, strong teeth.

Many turned to stare as she shook my hand, clothes rustling.

"I knew you'd come, Comrade Blaine, I just knew it," she told me in a choked whisper, still squeezing my hand hard in both her great, dark ones, tears welling up in her eyes.

The preacher coughed and Grace flustered, nodded, smiled more broadly than ever, nodded some more and sat down beside me. I believe some there were a little scared. A white man shakes hands with a black, sits beside one, talks to black people about—well, there are certain things black folks talk about only among themselves, rights, freedom, equality. No white folks want that—why, they'll lynch you.

The verses again went on and faces turned again forward. We listened. It was the story of Jericho, and the deep, full voice of the worker-preacher filled the little church with the trumpet sounds of a people pounding against high walls.

"One of our beloved Sisters," he said slowly, after the reading was over and we had stood together to join in song, "has made arrangements to have with us a distinguished white speaker for today. . . ." I don't remember the rest. It was most polite. Then Grace got up and simply said, "This is Comrade Blaine, Brothers and Sisters, an' he's coming to us from the I.L.D., that has been saving those Scottsboro boys." There was a great sigh in the little church and a shifting forward in the seats.

What I said is not important now. I spoke of Scottsboro, of what had been done, what must be done about it. I spoke to the old gray-haired man who leaned far forward on the first bench, leaning on his knotted stick and cupping his hand over one ear to catch each word.

I spoke to the slim brown girl in the fifth row who sat still and serious beside the tall, rangy Negro youth and held his hand tightly, never moving while I spoke. And, "Amen, Brother," the old man said, when I paused. "Hallelujah," three others exclaimed at once, when I spoke of the growing and ever more necessary unity.

I said things which were not new to these people, the men in the rusty black suits, the folds showing where they had been laid by for the week, or just in plain, laundered overalls.

It was the eyes, the faces, the stillness of every big-knuckled hand that said more things to me than I could find words for, that day.

"Hear what has been said," the preacher boomed when I sat down again, "and harken, you people. This here's the voice of an angel sent down by Jesus to save us pore colored folks from our trials and tribulations."

And Scottsboro flamed alive there in a tiny church on the outskirts of Decatur. Men and women walked out that day with new hope and new confidence, with a sudden realization that there were white men, too, who were marching with them against the high walls of Jericho.

HUNTSVILLE is no better, I believe, or worse than the average textile town of the South. Except in a very few small mills, Negro workers are allowed only cleaning and loading jobs. Jim Crow lines are sharply drawn. The lynch spirit is carefully nurtured.

It was early evening and Taylor's wife, Clara, had gone inside to mix dough for biscuits and put coffee on the oil stove. We sat out front and talked.

"That Labor Defense outfit," he asked of me, a reporter for labor papers that had "been around,"—"they say that's a nigger outfit, but they defend all sorts of working men, like in strikes for instance, don't they?"

I said they did. Taylor is a white textile worker, a weaver, and secretary of his union local. We had been talking of the last great strike.

"Now the Scottsboro case, for instance," he said. "It's too bad so many folks around here got the idea that was all they done."

We talked about the Scottsboro case. I explained how the "rape" cry was just a cover-up for the whole Jim Crow and special oppression structure and that it was directly out of this that the wage differential and lower living conditions of the Southern toilers was nurtured.

He nodded. "I went up there to Paint Rock that day," he said. "They come around and told us, 'rape,' and a whole gang went up. I reckon we was aiming to do them in right then."

I didn't say anything. He sat on the steps, his elbows on his knees, picked up a twig and broke it carefully in his strong weaver's fingers.

"You know," and the words were slow. He cleared his throat and again the twig snapped in the twilight silence. Clara walked across the bare board floor inside and lit the oil lamp.

"They tried to pull something like that right here not long back, right in the middle of the strike, to be exact.

"There is a little store at the edge of the mill village, owned by a woman who was known to have attempted to recruit scabs. During the height of the strike the Negro helper on the Coca Cola truck was accused by a girl working in this grocery store of having asked her for a date while delivering a case of bottles.

"No one did put stock in what she said, anyhow, but the law come and took the nigger down. Guys come out from town that night and started talking around about stringing him up, fixin' to get the strikers to do it. But we could see how we was being

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wire-worked,' my narrator continued, looking up at me. 'They just wanted to get us off the track and in trouble and give us a black eye.'

About a week later the Negro was released on a $25 bond, an absolutely ridiculous and unheard-of procedure with such a charge in a Southern court. The trick—the usual attempt to raise the Negro scare to break the unity of white and black workers—just didn't work in this case.

"YOU know Arnolds?" Taylor asked me as we sat down to eat.

"Hell, yes," I popped out, then remembered and excused myself for the cussing, but just recalling Arnolds' huge, good-natured bulk excited me.

"Now, there's a guy for you," Taylor added, taking a forkful of the greens.

I had met Arnolds on the picket line during the textile strike. He was president of a local in a nearby town and proud of the hundred-percent organization that had been achieved there. He had a right to be proud, too, of the love in the eyes of men and women, boys and girls that followed him as we walked around.

But most of all he was proud of what workers had done. When things got tough and the law jugged some of the union men for beating hell out of a scab and there were preparations to smash the picket lines and open the mill, Negro workers from a steel mill in the same town came around.

"Mister Arnolds," one of them said. "We sure want to see yu-all win out now, and we figured maybe we could help yu-all out a-picketing, if it'd be all right with you."

"All right!" Arnolds roared when he told me about it and his head tilted back laughed. Then he grew serious again.

"You want to know why they done that, son?" He tapped my chest slowly with his calloused forefinger. "Cause when we started out to organize our union, we went at it to have it one hundred percent.

"One hundred percent," he repeated. "And that means the colored folks, too."

As I was leaving I had asked him if there were any Communists in the union. The papers had been full of Red-scare accusations and even some of the union leaders had echoed these things. As a matter of fact, I knew there was only a single Communist Party member in the town at the time.

Arnolds looked at me shrewdly. Then he suddenly smiled and put his arm across my shoulder. "Well, now, I guess we're all Communists in a way, aren't we?"

Rockefeller Forecloses

JOHN STUART

SUNNYSIDE, L. I.

THE Rockefellers have taken their first pound of flesh.

For three harrowing years, three hundred Sunnyside homeowners clashed with the almighty mortgage companies. They pursued justice in the courts but the judges pounded the gavel for the companies. They sought arbitration conferences with the bankers. The gentlemen shook their heads. They appealed to the governor. But the highest official of the state would not interfere with the divine right of contract. And finally three hundred families struck. Nevertheless, the foreclosure machine armed with orders from the court kept hacking away. The first eviction was executed on January 25. The Merchants Indemnity Corporation of the Rockefeller interests chose the home of the most active striker. At a snap of the fingers the corporation rounded up a half-hundred policemen to throw a family on to the ice-covered street.

At a quarter to one, without warning, the under-sheriff and police invaded Mrs. Corrine Thal's house. The door was locked. Then I saw one of the under-sheriff's boys pick up a stone, smash a window and unlatch the door. In a moment a siren began screaming. It was the signal for the homeowners to mobilize. Neighbors began collecting, some rushing up the little court with their unbuttoned coats flying in the wind. In ten minutes a group of two hundred formed, semi-circled the house. Norman Studer, a homeowner, climbed on to a fence that marked the boundary of Mrs. Thal's lot.

"Friends," he shouted, "Rockefellers versus the people of Sunnyside . . ." A cop nabbed him, punched his nose, kicked him in the stomach and pushed him into a waiting police car.

The homeowners, quiet until now, strained toward the police. A girl picked up a cake of ice and shoved it into the face of the policeman who had hit Studer. Paul Crosbie's red-headed daughter slipped past a cop into the Thal house. A dumpy little man trying to follow her was lifted bodily by a plainclothesman and tossed into a snowdrift. As the man rose, the detective menaced him with a blackjack. "Get moving to the wagon if you don't want this billy cracked over your lousy bean."

The little man's wife pushed forward, lifting her fist at the cop. "Don't you dare take this man away. He hasn't got his galoshes on," she yelled, while the tears streamed down her face.

Paul Crosbie, holding a flag, his face flushed with the fever of grippe, stood quietly in a corner of the house.

"Take that guy," ordered a captain melodramatically. And Crosbie was hauled off. I followed him to the patrol wagon already filled with three women and two men.

I ASKED the lieutenant at the desk what the six arrested were charged with. He looked up over the rim of his eyeglasses. "Disorderly conduct." "What's the bail set at?" "A thousand apiece."

Outside stood two hundred Sunnysiders. They broke into one of their songs now and then to keep from thinking of the cold biting at their feet. Two of the homeowners went off to see Sheriff Brunner. The sheriff, just elected, had been playing the sympathy game for the past few weeks. The night before Mrs. Thal's eviction, he addressed a mass meeting of the homeowners. He would do everything possible to keep them from being evicted. He had already seen the governor. He would go next week to see him again. It was his duty to carry out the mortgage company's orders, however. He wouldn't evict anyone "until it's warm enough to go without an overcoat." The next morning Sheriff Brunner sent his men around to mop up Mrs. Thal's place.

After two homeowners supplied the deeds of their houses to cover the six-thousand-dollar bail, the six arrested were released.

Mrs. Thal's eviction means the imminent eviction of about three hundred other homeowners. And that is no small task for Sheriff Brunner. The Rockefeller mortgage company, by striking at the militant Mrs. Thal first, intended to break the spirit of the strikers. Some of the homeowners have begun to waver. They dislike having any business with police and the possibility of arrest discourages them. Sunnysiders are not coal miners oriented to the hardships of strike struggle. They are white-collar, middle-class people who adopted mass pressure tactics when all other measures failed. Nor do many of the Sunnysiders see the political implications of their strike. On the other hand, the eviction by the police of an old member of the community gave them an idea of what they were faced with and has undoubtedly taught them a few things.

In the lobby of the police station I spoke to an ex-schoolteacher who has lived in Sunnyside since 1929. "What I saw today," she told me, "I never imagined could happen. I've voted the Democratic ticket ever since I came of age. Mr. Brunner was the Democratic nominee for sheriff. We helped put him in office and now all our official friends have gone back on us."

"What do you think the homeowners will do now?"

"I don't know. But the strike and the homeowners' organization will not be brow beaten by the mortgage companies. At t' next eviction, Mr. Rockefeller's outfit w need more than policemen."

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From the

ROBERT ALI

The Slow Ride

Here comes the litter,
It's saggin' on the frame,
Mine torches glitter
With spectral-yellow flame;
Some poor devil caught it,
Some poor buddy got it;
Under the blanket,
He's tired of the game.

Hook on the man car,
The coal will have to wait,
Clamp on the spread bar,
To hold the valiant freight,
Signal for the slow ride,
Let the car of woe glide
Out to the noon day,
To meet the ones who wait.

Add up his wages
And write his final slip,
Close out the pages
And balance up his scrip,
File his comp'ny ticket
Place it in the wicket,
Lay down his shovel,
He's finished with the grip.

Pawns of Draughtsmen

We are the ponderables who adorn
The statisticians' field of asphodel;
Yielding as many eyes, as many limbs
Per thousand tons as ruthless curves foretell;
So many tons per man or men per ton,
Productive to the last foot pound surveyed,
A livin' standard for comparison
With the machine by which we are outweighed.

Below the grass roots where our lives begin,
Beneath that blanket all of you must share,
We pay the price in blood and sweat today
That must be offered for your comfort there;
The savage gas and cruel roof conspire
To block our puny strength by treachery
And dynamite the faithless servant strikes
In furious revolt at mastery.

Our lungs are rotten with the rancid air,
Our joints are twisted by the sulphurous slime,
Our skin is torn and scarred and torn again,
Marking us strange and old before our prime;
We are those luckless rats you read about,
When tragedy promotes us to your page—
Perhaps the very breakfast that you eat
Was warmed by coal that claimed its grisly wage.

Before the distant curfews die away,
The patch lights blink as heavy eyes with sleep
And clutchin' to our hearts the rosary,
We humbly ask the chart our lives to keep;
We thank it for the calories prescribed,
Our housin' and our quota of warm clothes
And other blessin's by the graph presumed
To help us understand the proper pose.

We're careful to observe the hours of rest
And work or play as plotted out for us;
We breed a little stronger than our share
But that's a subject that we won't discuss;
We're bound to crash the av'rage line somewhere
And there the competition isn't bad,
Maybe the draughtsman petered out of ink
Or got the figures bolixed on his pad.

Tools of Flesh

My sweetheart's a mule in the mines,
I drive her without any lines,
When we're on the level, she goes like the devil,
My sweetheart, the mule of the mines.

My sweetheart's a mule in the mines,
I drive her without any lines,
On the bumper I sit and tobacco juice spit,
All over my sweetheart's behind.
—Tune of "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon."

We struck in nineteen-twenty-two,
For reasons I've forgotten now,
Except that we got better pay,
Because we raised a six month's row.

The bosses tried to run a bluff
And soften up our cocky spines;
To show that they were fightin' fools,
They took the mules out of the mines.

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Anthracite

ALISON EVANS

They turned them loose in Cannon's field,
A thousand head among the hay,
The only time in twenty years
That some had seen the light of day.

The smoke, the mud, the cruel grades,
The everlasting dungeon drip,
The crazy rage of men who scourged
With bar, with sprag, with gashing whip.

The filth that scarcely dried at night,
On fetlocks, shank and belly hair,
No water for their fevered tongues,
Except the slimy ditch's fare.

The endless drag from morn to night,
To fill the lousy banker's plate,
One slip that brought a broken leg,
A bullet through the brain, their fate.

Their spavined joints and open sores,
Were mended by the healing sun,
New fire stirred their hulky loins
And warmed where they had known none.

The hybrid foal of horse and ass,
But touched with keener glow of rut,
The mare's barren womb dilates
In futile ardor in her gut.

Gelded, her boy friends stand in shame
And watch the would-be dam cavort,
Then go on grazing pensively,
Conscious, perhaps, of man's harsh tort.

Give me a breathin' spell, O Lord,
In pastures green, with cloudless skies
And willin' fillies moochin' around
With ageless yearnin' in their eyes.

The Start

Today starts butter-thin on Hemlock Ridge,
Like something hidden on an upper shelf;
Are fringes that decorate the scanty day;
Of Winter black that elevates itself;
The crooked scrubs that never had a chance,
Are fringe that decorate the scanty day;
And here and there a dead pine as a lance
Thrusts staunchly out to keep the night at bay.

The kitchen windows throw a homey light
Upon the black frost shining on the grass
The walks and fence rails show up spooky white
The air is like a piece of broken glass;
The roosters start the day out stout and perk,
The cows are mumblin' at their mornin' cud
And hob-nail boots that hustle by to work,
Crunch through the frozen cinders with a thud.

The carbide lamps are Arctic fireflies,
Dancing along the pathway to the mine;
Great, snowy banks of wasted steam arise,
As hoisting engines puff and snort and whine.
Mrs. Krakosky calls out to her man,
"Be careful, Mike." Be careful, Hell, I say,
He's robbin' on the pitch and nothin' can
Be sure, so go on with your work and pray.

Statecraft

Election time is here again, I've got to see old Joe
And get the lowdown off of him, the way the votes to go;
A congressman, a senator, I think a judge or two
Is out to pass the hat around and keep the country true.

They've shook our hand and called us pal and maybe bought
a beer,
So every time their name comes up, I guess we've got to cheer,
But when the polls is closed and dark on next election day,
Us guys'll shovel just as hard and get the same old pay.

But if you want a favor done between election time,
Just try to pull it off yourself and see how far you climb;
Constituents is needed by the boy that waves the flag,
But the township leader, brother, is the guy who's got the drag.

He'll get your tax abated and he'll get your girl a school,
He'll get a license for your hound and bail you from the stool,
He'll fix it so your kid can work before he is sixteen
And pass you out a ten spot if the dice have wiped you clean.

So why the hell should I lose sleep about which candidate
Is this or that, providing that the bastard's on our slate,
And when I pass the word around the patch, what Joe wants
done,
You can bet your shirt that we will lick the soreheads, ten
to one.

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The Unions Expose the Shipowners

AMY SCHECHTER

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE San Francisco waterfront unions have swung into action. Smashing through the carefully-guarded secrecy of the shipowners, they have exposed the shipowners' plan of attack and by catching them and their press unaware, they have put the shipowners on the defensive.

In a letter made public recently, of which copies were sent to Assistant Secretary of Labor Edward F. McGrady, President Roosevelt, Secretary of Labor Perkins and a number of House and Senate committeemen, the San Francisco District Council of the Pacific Coast Maritime Federation calls for a Congressional investigation of the conspiracy of shipowners to destroy West Coast maritime unions. A general lockout may have been declared by San Francisco employers as this article is printed.

The letter demanding investigation follows:

"Dear Sir:

"A nation-wide conspiracy of waterfront employers, shippers and allied financial interests to wipe out the maritime unions of the Pacific Coast is outlined in the attached statement for your consideration.

"It is common knowledge that attorneys for these employers have diligently endeavored without success to involve both the United States Department of Justice and the Department of Labor in this conspiracy. We now charge that this coterie of financial and industrial interests is prepared to employ whatever ruthless and illegal measures of force and violence may become necessary to achieve its purpose.

"A prolonged and bitter struggle is certain to follow in the event that these employers and their bankers attempt to carry out their proposals. If it were not otherwise evident, the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor clearly revealed that American workers are fully aware of the fate of the trade unions of Italy and Germany and that they will not peaceably submit to the fascist destruction of the trade unions of America.

"That the plans of the shippers are essentially fascist in nature and cannot be anything but detrimental to the trade union movement in general will be obvious. Such attempts will inevitably arouse public indignation in general and will also cause widespread strikes in associated industries, with profound social and political consequences.

"This Council of the Maritime Federation of the Pacific Coast therefore requests that our charges be made the subject of a Congressional investigation. Such an investigation would be the means of preventing what would be, for America, an unprecedented attack on organized labor and the findings and recommendations might easily become the basis for a satisfactory settlement of problems which have been a constant source of controversy on the waterfront for more than a year.

"Trusting that this matter will be given your earnest and early consideration, we are

Very truly yours,

SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA
DISTRICT COUNCIL NO. 2.
Harry Bridges, President."

The clear and powerful statement attached to this appeal declares that "unless the United States government intervenes there will be launched on the Pacific Coast within a month a struggle which will inevitably achieve the proportions of civil war.

"This situation will result from the attempt of shipowners and waterfront employers to repudiate all existing agreements with the maritime unions, to withdraw recognition from them and to institute open shop conditions which will be maintained by force and coercion."

The statement stresses the attempt that will be made to alienate public sympathy from the strikers through repetition of the lie, already blazoned in the Hearst press in the course of the past week, to the effect that the maritime unions are led by "irresponsible" elements and that "exorbitant" demands on the part of the unions are forcing the shipowners to abandon San Francisco as a port of call. The successive steps planned by Waterfront Employers Associations in all Pacific Coast seaports are:

1. Full-page advertisements will appear in the larger daily newspapers which will state the intentions of the employers and present arguments in support of their actions.
2. In an effort to maintain an appearance of peaceful resistance, they will then evict seamen and longshoremen from their jobs by laying up ships ostensibly because "exorbitant" union requests make operation financially impossible.
3. All awards to, and agreements with maritime unions will be publicly repudiated in the advertisements.
4. Recognition of all maritime unions will be withdrawn and the shippers will attempt to deal with the men only on an individual basis.
5. Shippers will attempt dictatorial control of wages and working conditions.

Crockett Johnson

"Put in a strong word against the union. The big boss just kicked in with a century."

Representatives of West Coast shipping companies have met repeatedly in the offices of the Waterfront Employers' Association in San Francisco to discuss details of a drive to smash the unions. A committee of three East Coast steamship executives went into San Francisco to lend their advice and assistance. There are contradictions among the shipowners: the date for opening the attack has been several times postponed because certain shipowners refused to participate in the attack. The utmost pressure has been exerted to bring these men in line. Foreign shipping companies have been offered full compensation "as an inducement to cooperate until the unions are broken."

THE Federation replies in detail to the "arguments" which according to plan will be contained in the advertisements: (1) The unions are not irresponsible, "for every dispute or ship tie-up there is definite evidence of discrimination, bad faith or violation of agreements on the part of the shipowners . . . companies keeping the agreements do not have strikes or tie-ups. Witness the case of the Grace Lines, whose ships run regularly, simply because its executives play fair. . . ." (2) "The unions are run by their own members, not by 'Communists,' 'Reds' or Radicals imported into the situation."

It is a peculiarity of Pacific Coast maritime unions that *officials must submit every action of the slightest importance to a majority vote of the membership.* And that is precisely what the owners object to. They do not like democracy. They profess admiration for Atlantic Coast maritime unions, where the members have absolutely nothing to say as to the functions of their own organizations. Obviously, this is the core of the whole matter: it is democracy the shipowners dislike; it is autocracy they desire. Because they do not like democracy, they

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call it "Communism" in an effort to obscure the real issue.

This point cannot be over-emphasized. By "responsible" unions, the shipowners mean unions controlled by themselves. "They cannot control democratic unions, they admit; it is a logical deduction that they are able to control autocratic unions."

Finally, the statement blasts the propaganda to the effect that if the employers pay decent wages they must run at a loss, showing that mail-contract subsidies alone (approximately $28,850,000 in 1935) represent more than the combined annual wages, subsistence, maintenance and repair costs of all American-flag vessels on ocean mail routes. It further quotes the preliminary report of the Special Committee of the Senate to investigate air-mail and ocean-mail contracts, to the effect that these funds have in many instances "been diverted by the contractors to their own private profits for exorbitant salaries and unearned bonuses . . ."

The above smashing expose of the drive which the shipowners scheduled for January 27 has probably broken with much greater force here than it will in the East. Not alone because San Francisco is the storm center, but because as pointed out in THE NEW MASSES last week, the shipowners have been almost 100 percent successful in suppressing news of the coming attack in the local press.

In the meantime, indignation runs high in regard to the union-splitting moves of the Olander-Furuseth-Scharrenberg setup at the I.S.U. convention in Washington. With the publication of the statement by the Maritime Federation District Council, the perfect timing of each move of the I.S.U. reactionaries with the shipowners' campaign will become clear to maritime workers throughout the country. Regarding the demand that West Coast unions affiliated to the I.S.U. withdraw from the Pacific Coast Maritime Federation, the course which the unions will pursue is not yet completely determined, but one thing is definite and that is that the unions will not permit themselves to be maneuvered into any position which might involve a split in their ranks.

The situation is tense. Department of Justice agents are parked all over the waterfront. Every rank-and-file union official is being tagged by whole armies of sleuths. The invasion of private dwellings by Department of Justice men has already begun.

The San Francisco waterfront workers want peace. They also want the security which they have known during the past year for the first time since the shipowners destroyed their unions in 1921 and established company unionism on the waterfront. The unions have stuck to peace in the face of contniued and extreme provocation. Repeatedly in the course of the close-locked struggle of the past months an open clash was averted only by the high level of union organization and the cool-headed and undeniably brilliant generalship of Bridges and the other men the unions have chosen to lead them. But it is clear that if in the end the maritime unions are forced to choose between the destruction of their unions and militant resistance, they will not tolerate the destruction of their unions and all that has been won on the West Coast in over a year of struggle.

J. P. Morgan, Art Racketeer

JAMES SWANSON

JUST as the Nye investigation on munitions and finance has brought into clear daylight the selfish interests which moved that great patriot J. P. Morgan to draw the United States into the World War, so the undisclosed facts behind Morgan's sale of two paintings to the Metropolitan Museum of Art for half a million dollars reveal Morgan as Art Racketeer No. 1.

These facts, showing how the super-pirate of finance-capitalism used his position as trustee of the Metropolitan to plunder funds left in trust, have an important bearing on the developing struggles of American artists to combat exploitation by the museums of this country.

Though the Morgan Filippo Lippi altarpiece was placed on view at the Metropolitan only a few weeks ago, the deal which brought this picture and a Rubens portrait to the museum was consummated about a year ago. At that time, J. P. began a partial liquidation of his properties in order to pass along some of his wealth in the form of gifts prior to his death, since the tax on gifts was much lower than the inheritance tax. In carrying out this tax-evasion plan, he succeeded in unloading six paintings for $1,500,000, two of them going to the Metropolitan for half a million.

To get the whole story, we must go back a generation to the time when the elder Morgan, also a trustee of the Metropolitan, was putting the finishing touches on the collection which his son is now liquidating. At the time, from about 1906 to 1913, the late Roger Fry, one of the most distinguished art critics of his generation, was curator of paintings at the Metropolitan. Recommendations for purchases, then as now, would come from the curators of the various museum departments, authority to act upon them being vested in the board of trustees. Time and again Fry would recommend the purchase of an important painting, only to learn later that his excellent advice had been taken personally by J. P. Morgan, who had snatched the art work for himself and left the museum in the lurch. Fry was humiliated by the Morgan maneuvers which forced him to act in his official capacity as an involuntary, unpaid Morgan agent and he finally resigned in disgust.

Not a single trustee, Fry later pointed out to his intimates, was man enough to stand up against Morgan and challenge his underhanded practices. Cowering before the domineering financier, the sheep-like trustees explained to one another that it made no difference because Morgan would eventually leave all the pictures to the museum anyhow. But he did nothing of the sort. He put many of the paintings in his famous library of precious manuscripts, made it a semi-public institution of scholarship to escape taxes and left the whole thing to his son.

When his son recently found it advisable to unload some of his art holdings as part of his long-term scheme of tax evasion, the Metropolitan again proved very useful. He consented to let the museum have a picture probably among those which his father had stolen away from the institution he "fostered" a quarter century ago.

The affair is neatly summed up by The Art News, a sort of "Journal of Commerce" of the art market, in its issue of February 2, 1935:

> **All of this definitely goes to prove that Mr. Morgan was more than justified in his decision to take advantage of a rising market and to sell his paintings at this time. It must be remembered, of course, that the elder Morgan combined superb taste (Roger Fry's—J. S.) with an unerring sense of values, which led him to buy only the finest works of art. The benefits of this far-sighted wisdom have now been reaped by his son, who it is estimated, has realized practically one hundred percent profit.**

Mr. Morgan was aided considerably "in his decision to take advantage of a rising market" by his fellow trustees on the board of the Metropolitan Museum. They rose to the occasion with a beautiful magnanimity, taking a Rubens portrait as well as the Lippi panel in return for a cool half-million. Among the eminent citizens and men of large affairs who thus did their mite toward helping solve the Morgan tax problems are Elihu Root, Nelson A. Rockefeller, Ogden L. Mills, Edward S. Harkness, Horace Havemeyer, Marshall Field, Myron C. Tay-

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and Mayor LaGuardia (The Mayor is a member of the board ex-officio).

It is by means of such deals that the art market is manipulated, just as are the stock and commodity and other capitalist markets, for the benefit of a handful of insiders. And this juicy racket is screened behind solemn phrases about "encouragement of art" uttered on all proper occasions by the big industrial and financial capitalists who monopolize art-museum trusteeships. They certainly know how to encourage one another!

WHILE the big capitalists are using their strategic positions to siphon off into their own pockets (in a perfectly legal manner, of course!) funds left in their trust, what encouragement do they offer, either as individual patrons or as trustees shaping the policies of the major museums, to the hard-pressed artists of their own day?

As a general rule, the bigger the capitalist, the more haughty and snobbish his attitude toward art. With a grand feudal flourish, the Hearsts, Mellons, Morgans and Wideners contemptuously turn their backs on the living art of the land which they have so ruthlessly exploited and go in for old masters of the rarer vintages. Their interests infiltrate and thoroughly color museum policy, and may be identified wherever a halo of sanctity is thrown around "old masters" and an air of uneasy suspicion about "moderns." Museum directors serve as their mouthpieces when they utter pompous nonsense about great masters emerging only from the test of centuries.

But old masters come high, especially when bought from trustees, and where the collection is not large, the museum director has a tough problem. After a certain time the public has gone through the permanent collection of old masters. Attendance is in danger of falling off. In order to keep attendance figures impressive—essential to attract new endowments and more important, to justify a large annual maintenance subsidy from the municipality—the director resorts to changing loan exhibitions calculated to draw the crowds.

Frequent loan exhibitions of old masters are impossible, since owners object to the risk of damage in transport and insurance charges on expensive works become prohibitive. Whom does the museum director use to solve his problem? The living artist! Insurance is no problem, since prices are low, and besides the public, unlike Mellon and Morgan, is anxious to see the art of its own time. And the artist, as the museum man perpetually reminds him, is richly rewarded with—prestige.

Through the crisis even the best-known American artists, the most regular museum exhibitors, were reduced to a precarious situation. Vitally interested in a payment more nourishing than "prestige" in return for their essential services to the museums, they formulated through the American Society of Painters, Sculptors and Gravers a demand that the museums pay all exhibiting artists a rental of one percent of the valuation (with a minimum of $100 and a maximum of $1,000) on each work shown for a period of one month or less.

Confronted with this proposal, the Association of Museum Directors in its annual meeting last spring refused even to receive a delegation from the Society for discussion. When the Society threw down the gauntlet by requiring its members to withhold works from museums not paying rental, the "liberal" Francis Henry Taylor, director of the Worcester Art Museum, attempted to force it to submission by a mixture of suave verbiage and open browbeating. Voicing "a definite sympathy for the artist and the realization that something must be done to better his economic condition," he explains in an open letter to Bernard Karfiol, president of the Society, why museums cannot "afford" to pay rental to artists:

> The entire problem is one of dollars and cents. . . . Museums have been for nearly a generation the most consistent patrons of our artists. But it must be borne in mind that, except when it is otherwise specified, purchasing funds are given and bequeathed to institutions for general purposes. The usual interpretation is to consider these funds a means for acquiring the greatest objects possible that have proven throughout the centuries to be of outstanding worth. The public demands [! ?] such an interpretation and, since the money is public money, it is the sworn purpose of the trustees appointed by law to administer such gifts and bequests, to see that such use is made of it.

Moral compunction will not permit Mr. Taylor to use funds "bequeathed for general purposes" for payment to living artists in return for their services. It would be a violation of his sacred trust to divert money from the plunder-bund that runs the old-master racket to living artists.

Now Mr. Taylor, like every other museum director, knows perfectly well that the sky-high prices obtained from museums for old-master arts works are artificially sustained. Here is how it works. Suppose a museum director tries to save money on a purchase (which saving could be expended on rentals) by buying at auction. The dealers' ring, composed of a few who command big capital, maliciously runs the price up and may even bid the object away from him at a loss to make it clear to him that he must buy at monopoly prices.

Suppose the director complains to his trustees. But the trustees are also collectors and sometimes sell their own works through dealers at big profits, so they will not object to artificially boosted prices. Besides, many of the trustees are bankers and may be directly financing the big monopolist dealers and thus taking a profit there too.

In the deep depression years, when private buying of art virtually came to a standstill, many big dealers were saved from going under only by museum purchases. Why could not the museum directors use their strategic advantage to break the monopoly? First, because the market is international; secondly, real power is held by trustees whose interests are opposed to those of the big dealers; thirdly, the big dealers have secured immunity from frontal attacks of most museum officials by tying them up in a fine network of obligations, some of which it would be indelicate to describe.

Under such pressure, the museum director, especially in a big institution, can scarcely avoid becoming an out-and-out trustee-collector-dealer's man. This explains why Mr. Taylor has "struggled with boards of trustees . . . to give American artists a hearing," but not a living. He would rather misrepresent and rebuke the artists than suffer a rebuke from his tory masters for supporting the artists' cause.

While the support given by the Whitney Museum of American Art and the Roerich International Art Center, both subscribers to the rental policy, and encouraging statements by liberal art-leaders like Frederick A. Whiting, president of the American Federation of Art, and Donald W. Bear, director of the Denver Art Museum, are of the utmost importance, it is by now clear to the artists that most of the museum powers, solidly arrayed against them, can only be brought to terms through a hard struggle.

The powerful American Society of Painters, Sculptors and Gravers, leading the fight of the established artists on the rental question, is taking steps to win the support of all groups essential to assure a victorious outcome. Already the American Group and the New York Artists' Union have pledged support. And at the forthcoming American Artists' Congress which is to open February 14, at Town Hall in New York City, Katherine Schmidt will appeal on behalf of the Society to leading artists assembled from all parts of the country for united support of this basic demand.

In order to carry forward their fight to a victory that will help protect their interests, the gallery and museum artists must clearly understand the manner in which the "millions for art" are drained off into the pockets of a small clique of exploiters, not through individual corruption, but as an integral part of the capitalist system of exploitation, a system perpetuated at the cost of misery and degradation for the great mass of artists, workers and intellectuals.

To combat the super-racket which the super-capitalists are making out of the "fostering of art," progressive artists must demand representation on the boards of trustees of those art institutions which owe so much to them. In such strategic positions they could quickly make it clear that it is not their own modest demands, but the maneuvers of the big capitalist plunder-bund that prevent museums from charging their obligations to the public by giving full weight to the great art of the past, presented in its veritable historic significance leading to the important efforts of living creative workers.

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7. The judges will be Michael Gold, editor of the New Masses; Robert Forsythe, noted satirist, and Gardner Rea, famous artist.

Cartoon No. 1

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Since last week's issue announcing this contest was off the press we began receiving entries. However, you have just as good a chance as anyone to win one of the prizes if you come in now. You may send as many sets of answers as you like, provided each one is accompanied by a $1-10 weeks' subscription to the New Masses. You may have the magazine sent to yourself or to some friend for 10 weeks while entering the contest yourself.

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What would you do with the $1,000 first prize, or the $250 second prize? Our other readers undoubtedly would be as interested in this as we. Why not write us a brief letter on what you would do with the money were you to win it and we will publish as many letters as we can while the contest is running.

●

Receipt of the magazine will serve readers as the receipt of their entry. Those who are already subscribers are requested to state so on the entry blank so that their subscription will be extended for 10 weeks, unless the subscriber prefers to have it sent to a friend. Subscribers can be assured their entry has been received by noting the extension of their subscription expiration date on the wrapper.

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Correspondence

More "Army Orders"

HE NEW MASSES:

r week I received a letter from a friend who ıember of the Illinois National Guard. A sig- nt paragraph which will be of interest to you following:

Did you read the "The U. S. Army Gets Its rders" by George Seldes in the December 24, '35, issue of THE NEW MASSES? Well, I can sure you that everything Seldes says is true. I tended a lecture on riot duty while at Fort heridan and these things were brought up at at lecture. They also brought up a few things at Seldes didn't mention. For example: if the oters use women for shields, the women will be arned and then bayonetted. Also, any person rowing missiles or firing on federal troops will shot immediately. A new type of bayonet has en developed for riot duty. The regular riot yonet, it seems, is not sharp enough to jab into meone. The new riot duty bayonet is shaped te a butcher knife and has a keen razor edge in der to do more damage. . . .

icago, Ill. FRANK WRIGHT.

Life in a "Model" P.W.A. Camp

'HE NEW MASSES:

are writing from the model "American" con- ion camp in the interests of about four nd Negro and white workers of the Fort ce Transient Rehabilitation Camp (now W.P. oject No. 918).

conditions are becoming unendurable. Here ne of them:

orced to work 160 hours per month, no time sick leave.

'ages from $15 to $25 per month, out of which ast pay for our clothes.

Skilled workers are forced to work at Langley U. S. Army, from $25 a month alongside n who work at the same trade at union wages.

Strict regimentation of all men and youth both e camp and on the job. On the Newport News rshed, the largest job on the Project, workers uarded by camp police and deputy sheriffs.

All workers living in the camp are searched reentering after week-end leave.

Complete segregation of 400 Negro workers.

Canteen prices which are supposed to be regu- n a non-profit basis are very high and no ng has ever been given for canteen funds re supposed to belong to the men for camp s.

ost of the barracks are fire-trap buildings rly a Federal Prison Camp).

Absolutely no representation in the camp gov- t.

There is systematic discrimination between s in an attempt to cause dissension in their nks. Further, the camp administrator, P. B. , allows sex perverts and degenerates to hold s which places them in direct contact with the youth of the camp.

w weeks ago, W.P.A. workers struck several projects in Newport News for back pay. This action has given the men in our camp some good ideas on the line of organizing and we are taking steps to combat the rotten camp conditions. However, we need outside help.

We appeal to your paper and to all organizations who stand for the civil rights to protest to P. B. Murphy, Fort Eustace, Va., and to Harry Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

Norfolk, Va. R. P.

Lament for Major Bowes

TO THE NEW MASSES:

A few weeks ago THE NEW MASSES ran a bang-up article exposing Major Bowes and his radio racket. (You know the prevelance of radio rackets?).

My wife generally used to buy Chase & Sanborn coffee. She called at Kroger's today and the sales clerk told her that the "article in THE NEW MASSES sure raised ructions"; that sales dropped "from twenty pounds to two pounds" over some period of time not known; that "Chase & Sanborn are going to put on a special campaign in order to offset the damage."

Thought I'd tip you off. You can quietly check up details at various stores and confirm percentage drop in sales, etc., and perhaps run an article and push the good work, all with the underlying idea of exposing the fact that the capitalist radio is a fraud, all through, and for fascism.

L. A. JORDAN.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Letters in Brief

S. Blackstone writes from Chicago that a local Playwrights' Guild is being organized to discuss plans for an experimental theater. To be eligible for membership in the Guild, candidates must either submit, or provide proof of having written or had produced, at least one full-length play. Playwrights who live in or near Chicago are asked to correspond with Mr. Blackstone at 800 Burnham Building, Chicago, Ill.

Madeline Craig writes from San Francisco that an appeal from the verdict sentencing nine militant Modesto marine workers to prison terms in California penitentiaries is scheduled for sometime during February. The nine workers, leaders in the recent tankers strike, were framed on the testimony given by Standard Oil, self-confessed stool pigeons and company detectives. To help assure a successful appeal, Miss Craig asks that funds be sent to the Joint Marine Committee at 268 Market Street, Room 219, San Francisco.

Myra Page of Commonwealth College, Mena, Arkansas, writes us: "I'm sure the staff would feel pretty good, if they could drop into our library some night and see how our cropper-, miner- and steel-worker students are waiting their turn at THE NEW MASSES, not to mention the college staff."

The Workers Schools of Boston is tranferring to new headquarters and is at the same time launching a campaign to place the school on a sound financial basis. Contributions to the sustaining fund should be sent to the school at 919 Washington Street, Boston.

Under the ruse that he assisted in an attempted jailbreak, Jim MacNamara, the world's oldest political prisoner and an important figure in the American labor movement, has been transferred to Folsom prison where he is denied all visitors and ordinary privileges. MacNamara, along with other political prisoners, is being persecuted by the California prison authorities because he still holds to his working-class convictions. The I. L. D. asks NEW MASSES readers to protest to Warden Holohan, San Quentin, California.

A member of the Strike Committee of the Retail Shoe Salesmen's Union writes us that the counsel for the National Shoe Stores, Benjamin Greenspan, a former magistrate, has attacked the union as a group of racketeers. Greenspan caused the arrest of approximately 100 strikers in an effort to break the strike and destroy the union. Manufacturers in the shoe industry are paying two thousand dollars weekly to fight the union. The Strike Committee asks that NEW MASSES readers boycott the National Shoe Stores and support the salesmen who have been receiving seventeen dollars for a sixty to seventy-hour week.

Beginning the first week of February, the Bookkeepers, Stenographers and Accountants Union (A. F. L.) will hold four classes: Psychology and Social Life, given by Otto Rosahn; Social Science, with Dr. Elsie Gluck, Educational Director of the Women's Trade Union League; and courses in dramatics and in modern dancing. With the exception of modern dancing, for which a small fee is charged, all courses are free. Interested readers are asked to register at, or communicate with, the B. S. and A. U., 44 East 23rd St., New York City.

Carolyn Schechner's only adverse criticism of THE NEW MASSES is its lack of short stories. Lester G. Cohen's story *Rain in Virginia* issue was "fine."

Joshua Kunitz "Along Came Stakhanov" should be published as a pamphlet and widely distributed to the American people, particularly to the readers of liberal publications, writes Alex Segal.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Record of a Generation

STUDS LONIGAN, a trilogy, by James T. Farrell. Vanguard Press. $3.

ABOUT three years ago, while looking over the tripe-littered fiction shelves of a Los Angeles circulating library, I found an unopened, unread book—that surely lay there by mistake — called *Young Lonigan — A Boyhood in Chicago Streets.* It had a pseudo-scientific jacket, it had a pompous introduction by a university professor: ". . . To the mature reader it is an intensely interesting and instructive human document, but it is not for children or for the unsophisticated." I took this seeming bit of sociological research home with me and I read it, and I found it was a novel as factual as court-room testimony, and yet sensitive in its evocation of boyhood days, and tender. There are any number of books longingly describing childhood in the country, among tall sunflowers and chickens, furrowed acres extending to the edge of sight, but for some reason seldom has a writer born in the city gone back to those first few years, remembered the first streetcar ride he took alone to another part of town, the first time he sneaked into a vaudeville show instead of going to school, remembered when he was sent with a quarter to the drug store and the weak-kneed feeling of approaching a certain corner where a gang of lads were leaning against, were holding up a wall, waiting not only to beat him up, but to take away the quarter—and made of these memories a pattern.

And those few writers who *had* remembered childhood in the city always evoked it in terms of their own early tortured selves. They never accepted the city as the world, but wrote of the impact of stone walls and crowded smells and jangling nerves upon a consciousness that wanted quietness and wanted space and was aware that somewhere these were to be had. But of the millions to whom the city was the beginning and the end, who easy before an automobile rushing by six inches away from them, stood at the curb and looked neither at the sidewalk covered with cigarette butts and spittle, nor at the roofs and the sky between them, but straight before them and into other faces; belligerent if these were male and ready to sock them in the puss, or if female and she a pip, a peacherino, eyes soft with lust and an erotic urge weaving scenes in bed—these were the creatures of whom Farrell wrote; ready to bite or couple, they lived in the teeming universe on the South Side of Chicago, and they didn't want to escape from there.

And the unique element of *Young Lonigan* and the two books that followed lay in the fact that Farrell never had been frightened by these lads so pugnaciously waiting on the corner, never had approached them doom in his heart and the precious quarter clutched in his fist. He had been sensitive enough to have been called "goofy" by them, and different enough to have had them test him twice as hard as they had tested others; he had had to fight kids much bigger than himself and playing baseball he had had to be twice as skilful as anybody else; but he had been one of them, thought their thoughts and had their aspirations; and writing of them, his point of view was from the inside of them, what they desired he desired and their beauty was his beauty also.

He was a writer of their class; but their class, their place in society was not definite, ridged, predestined. The mould of America had not yet become hardened. Chicago still was growing; the population moved; new neighborhoods appeared; the Irish arrived from the potatoeless home country, dug ditches, sewers, starving saved enough to bid on a sub-contract, hired other Irish that had arrived a year later to dig foundations, to put up walls, to paint and paper walls;—so crept into the middle class and sent their sons to high school and hoped they would become priests; saw from nearby neighborhoods Jews seeping into theirs, and Negroes; cursing, saw the real-estate values fall; and their hate descended to their children, and there were gang wars and race riots and almost race wars; but still Chicago grew and bought and sold, and nearby there appeared industrial cities that relieved the pressure; and the war came with its gigantic appetite and there was still more building, when the war ended it seemed it would never stop; and great holding companies were devised to finance the building and pay for the electric wiring and the power-generating stations.

But the real growth, under a system predicated on work for many and comforts for very few, had stopped about the time of the war; afterwards Chicago was eating its cake and throwing it up and eating it once again and still thinking that it had it; and the building and the financial combinations and the intricate bookkeeping that showed unexisting profits and dangled them to attract unexisting capital: all puffed itself up by means of its own self and still increased and then like a gigantic bullfrog burst: Insull failed and banks failed and mortgages fell due and people couldn't pay their rent, and the middle-class second-generation Irish (together with the Jews and Negroes and m everybody else) found themselves back the working class, with no capital but th own bare hands.

And these individuals remembered nothi that they could regret. As little boys, the city's jungle, they had had to gang an hunt in packs; their parents and teacher and priests spoke a language they did no understand and sounded like nothing the heard in the streets. And reality was in th streets; as they grew up and began to relat e events with causes they realized that every- thing their elders had told them was a lie: society was also a jungle, and the law o might and the law of rape were the law that were to be obeyed But now the gang had dissolved, dispersed, now the security of being together, of having others continue to fight after they themselves were down, had been destroyed; and now they were alone. Once those who had been ruthless and very, very strong could continue fighting and perhaps win; but now it was too late; the system was full of holes; strong and weak, ruthless and positive, or passive: they al failed. Their life was a frustration and thei memory a longing. A memory of sweet Lucy in those young days sitting in a tree and swinging her legs. A memory of a fight: fist smashing cleanly into a hated face. How was Lucy now? She was fat and was bearing someone's kids. And the fight? Whom were they to hate? Whom to fight alone?

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...eration to lift itself up in the ... whole, of the failure of one Ameri...ogan, of one myth; of the death of his ...ss and its submergence; and at the end ...the final book while Studs is dying and ...aybe even dead, his father, drunk and be...ldered, sees passing him on the street a ...rade of the unemployed, of a class again ...erging and ready to conquer, but this ...ne not at the expense of each other, not as individuals, but as an onrushing and as a collective whole.

And the picture of this time and these people has been drawn by Farrell in the distinguished trilogy *Studs Lonigan,* the first volume of which had been disguised as a sociological curiosity, but now which completed, and understood like the class of which it treats, demands and is obtaining the recognition it deserves. NATHAN ASCH.

They Got the Prize

THE PULITZER PRIZE PLAYS, 1918-1934. *Random House.* $3.50.

THIS volume constitutes a valuable record of the trend of the more conventional drama during the sixteen years ...nce the World War. The Pulitzer awards ...ave often been unwise and occasionally the ...hoice has been so absurd as to create scandal. This has been true in all fields. Perhaps the most unreasonable dramatic award was that of 1935, when a hackneyed concoction of tears and sentiment (*The Old Maid,* by Zoe Akins) was chosen in a year ...hich had produced *Waiting for Lefty, Black Pit, Rain from Heaven* and other ...erious contributions to the art of the theater.

One may say with some assurance that ...he Pulitzer judges are unlikely to honor a greatly significant play. The Advisory Board of the Columbia School of Journalism and the trustees of Columbia University (who have the final word in making the choice) ...can be relied on to evade the recognition of ...nything so dangerous as great art or signifi...ant thinking.

The dramatic prize has been awarded without regard for serious artistic standards, but with a good deal of consistency. It has been given to work which attains a certain level of competence and which adequately ...epresents the general temper of the Ameri...can stage. Commercial success has been given due consideration. Any dramatist who attains a certain degree of reputation is sure to be offered the prize as soon as the matter can be arranged. For example, S. N. Behrman is at present in line for the award; the subject-matter of *Rain from Heaven* and its lack of wide audience appeal, made it questionable in the eyes of the Pulitzer committee; but one can predict that this author's next play will be viewed with special sympathy by the learned judges.

For this reason, the sixteen plays which ...over the period from 1918 to 1934 deserve the most careful analysis. William Lyon ...helps remarks in his introduction that "No ...form of art has shown more striking or more rapid development in America than the art of the playwright." The sixteen plays offer no proof of this optimistic statement. If one studies them chronologically, ...he observes an increasing aridity of craftsmanship and content. Such a survey also reveals certain hopeful tendencies, which suggest the vast possibilities which lie before an awakened and socially conscious theater.

The first play of the series, *Why Marry?* by Jesse Lynch Williams (produced in December, 1917) is of special interest because of its clear, but limited, social awareness. It is not a good play; it is over-talkative, its characterizations are wooden, its philosophy is second-hand Shaw. Nevertheless, it has a clarity and perspective that the later plays lack. Such phrases as these no longer seem startlingly original: "All our laws, written and unwritten, value private property above human life"; "If marriage is a social institution, look at it socially," etc. There was nothing epoch-making about these statements in 1917. The important point is that *Why Marry?* attacks its theme realistically in terms of recognizable pressures and conventions and at least attempts to show men and women exercising their will in conflict with their environment. When the clergyman suggests that marriages are "made in Heaven," the Judge says: "Blame *me* for it, blame her, the parasol, the parson, but do not, my dear Theodore, blame the Deity for our own mistakes."

In later plays, one finds the tendency to substitute emotional drift for a rational conception of social responsibility. This tendency is indicated in the next prize play—which is the most vital work in the collection and the only one which has exerted a serious influence on the growth of the American theater: O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon,* which won the award in 1920. The contrast between *Why Marry?* and *Beyond the Horizon* illustrates the problems which the theater was facing in the period immediately following the war. The faults and virtues of the first play are those of the drawing-room drama which had dominated the English-speaking stage since the turn of the century. *Beyond the Horizon* goes to the American countryside for its material; it achieves moments of rich intensity; but it also contains the germs of the weaknesses which have affected O'Neill's subsequent work: the failure to create sustained conflict, the emotional mysticism, the slurring of social causation. The two brothers suggest the theme of dual personality which runs through all of O'Neill's work. The play ends on a note of neurotic exhaustion. Ruth says: "I wouldn't know how to feel love, even if I tried, any more." After Robert's death, Andrew turns on the woman in a violent rage: "This is your doing, you damn woman, you coward, you murderess." But after a moment, his rage ebbs away. He says: "I—you—we've both made a mess of things! We must try to help each other—and—in time—we'll come to know what's right—"

O'Neill's other two Pulitzer plays do not require extended comment. *Anna Christie* is an effective melodrama; it shows O'Neill's increasing dependence on external forces which dominate the lives of his characters. In this case the sea is nemesis which denies and paralyzes man's will. The closing lines

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If you are not already acquainted with Common Sense, the following table of contents for January will give you an idea of what it contains: LABOR LEADER NO. 1, AN INTERVIEW WITH JOHN L. LEWIS, by Selden Rodman; THE ECONOMIC CHICKEN AND THE MONETARY EGG, by Stuart Chase; THE MENACE OF FALSE PATRIOTISM, by Rep. Maury Maverick; THE REAL KARL MARX, by Charles A. Beard; WINGS OVER INDUSTRY, by General Butler; and WHY A NEW NATIONAL PARTY by Governor Floyd B. Olson of Minnesota.

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suggest the author's confusion: "Fog, fog, fog, all bloody time. You can't see where you vas going, no. Only dat ole davil, sea —she knows!" In *Strange Interlude,* six years later, the fog is heavier and the action more diffuse and inhibited.

Beyond the Horizon began a vogue of folk-plays which greatly broadened the dramatic horizon. *Hell-bent fer Heaven,* by Hatcher Hughes (the prize play in 1924) and *In Abraham's Bosom,* by Paul Green (1927) are examples of this movement. (One might also include Sidney Howard's *They Knew What They Wanted* and Marc Connelly's *The Green Pastures* in this category). The difficulty with the folk-plays has been the author's inability to dramatize the framework of society in which his characters are placed; the environment is merely used for bits of local color and as a justification for the eccentric conduct of the characters. In *Hell-bent fer Heaven,* Rufe, the wily religious maniac, persuades Andy Lowry to revive the old feud between the Hunts and the Lowries. In a drunken rage, Andy attempts to kill his friend, Sid Lowry. The plot becomes increasingly melodramatic; Rufe dynamites the dam and in the end is left alone to drown in the shack as the floodwaters approach. The play's creaky construction springs from its lack of insight into the manners and morals of its people and the consequent substitution of whim for rational motivation. The Carolina mountaineers are presented as just naturally quaint, ill-tempered and murderous, without any attempt to show the social pressures which explain these qualities.

In Abraham's Bosom is a noteworthy attempt to present the problems of Negro workers sympathetically. But the play produces an effect which is contrary to what one may assume to have been the author's intention. As in O'Neill's *Emperor Jones,* one finds the suggestion that Negroes are passionate children, who easily throw off the veneer of civilization and revert to savagery. The sixth scene of *In Abraham's Bosom* is almost identical to the adventures of the Emperor Jones in the jungle: Abe kills his half-brother, Lonnie; he sees the branches of the trees turn to "mocking, menacing hands." He cries out: "Don't tech me, I kill you!" Then he sees an imaginary lynching, and he shrieks: "Ghosts! Dey's ha'nts! Dey ain't no peoples!" In the final scene he says: "I killed him dead, dead! I beat on and on until all de madness went out of me and de dark was everywhere."

It it is to be hoped that Paul Green's integrity as a dramatist will lead him to write his own sequel to *In Abraham's Bosom*—a great and honest play which may serve as an answer to this falsification of Negro life.

If we now return to *Why Marry?* and endeavor to trace the further development of this type of drama, we discover a surprising fact: there is only one other play among the sixteen which deals specifically with love and marriage and the middle-class home. This is *Craig's Wife,* by George Kelly (1926). Here, as in *Why Marry?,* the author is concerned with the woman's problem. In the earlier play, Helen wants a free union which will bring genuine love and fulfillment. On the other hand, Mrs. Craig says that she has no "romantic illusions." She married for a home, financial security and protection, and she intends to keep these things by ruthlessly managing her husband and treating him like a stupid child. He finds her out, and in the end leaves her alone in the home which she has deprived of all dignity, but which she has been so desperately anxious to hold. The play lacks scope, because the author treats the subject as a meticulous and specialized study in character. Harriet Craig's selfishness and insensitivity are so over-emphasized and the environmental factors so underdeveloped, that the character ceases to have any living meaning.

The fact that the Pulitzer prize has only twice been awarded to plays dealing with life within the structure of the middle-class family indicates the trend of the drama since 1918. There has been a decline in the quantity and quality of what may properly be called *social-problem plays.* As far as the serious theater is concerned, this field has been exhausted; but the contemporary dramatist is himself a part of middle-class life, and this is the only life to which he is able to give an integrated emotional response. The search for fresh themes and backgrounds is therefore difficult and is continually inhibited by the writer's confusion as to his own purpose and the work's social function.

The Pulitzer plays throw considerable light on this question. The majority of the plays suffer from lack of sufficiently close contact between the playwright and his material, and the consequent lack of clarity. In *Icebound,* by Owen Davis (1923), what might be a genuine study of a New England family becomes a sentimental and unconvincing love story ending in the regeneration of the black sheep. Ben: "I love you—mor'n I ever thought I could—tenderer —truer—but I'm no good— You couldn't trust me—I couldn't trust myself." Jane: "Spring's coming, Ben, everywhere, to you and me, if you would only try."

Sidney Howard's *They Knew What They Wanted* (1925) is a far more adroit play than *Icebound.* But, excep neous political discussion which at the end of the third act, How the dramatic possibilities of his ma uses the wine-growing counrty of Valley in California merely as colored background. He bases h an emotional anecdote: Amy's nig with Joe is an impulsive act of d the preparatory events are feeder situation; the unraveling of the co is artificial and without substance.

Street Scene (1929) displays Eln vigorous craftsmanship, and is a relief from the fog of despair whi over *Strange Interlude* (the choic previous year). But the actual which underlie *Street Scene* are se and inadequately thought out. It esting to note that the scene betw and Sam in the final act is very s the conversations between Helen an in *Why Marry?* Helen pleads for integrity, the right to be oneself. I *Scene,* Rose tells Sam that "loving longing aren't the same thing." Th lesson she draws from the tragedy: thinking, that if my mother had longed to herself, and that if m had really belonged to himself, would have happened."

The more recent Pulitzer plays least important. *Allison's House,* l Glaspell (1931) is based upon a idea: the contrast between perso ethical values in the nineteenth an tieth centuries might have been e dramatized through the psychologi ence of the dead poetess in the which she had lived. Unfortuna playwright has ignored the drama accomplished a diluted imitation of C

Of Thee I Sing, by George S. K and Morrie Ryskind (1932) and *Bo Houses* by Maxwell Anderson (19 the same point of view toward the tion and absurdity of national polit Gilbert and Sullivan high-jinks in *I Sing* were lively in the stage pres But a reading of the play reveals of sustained interest. Musical com any other form of theatrical pre depends for its effectiveness on con sion, progression. The only scen *Thee I Sing* which possesses these is the second scene of the first act— the politicians concoct their plan Wintergreen "on a tidal wave of lov scene is funny and meaningful, b has genuine story-value. The lat is *less* funny, because it has no dr ordination.

While *Of Thee I Sing* harks bert and Sullivan, *Both Your* back to nineteenth-century libe play's weakness lies in its insis the ills of government can be assertion of individual honor / Thus Alan McLean's attack on

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nerely declarative; the con-
n, because there is no recogni-
social and psychological scope of
em.

st play in this volume, *Men in*
by Sidney Kingsley (1934) is a
tic Pulitzer choice. It is an un-
work, which contains several
enes. The chief interest in *Men*
lies in the fact that its author
ise of being one of the most vital
porary dramatists. Kingsley has
content to accept the facile stand-
alue which dominate the theater.

of the Pulitzer winners (Sidney
Elmer Rice, Paul Green) have
at they can do far more substan-
than that for which they received
d. During the past five years, the
as moved rapidly toward an awak-
al consciousness. The five Pulitzer
ys for this same period are among
est in the collection. Plays which
lear social conception invariably lack
validity. As long as the Pulitzer
gnore the real forces which are re-
g the American drama, they must
pick plays which are as weak in
nship as they are in content.

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON.

Return After Flight

THEORY OF FLIGHT, by Muriel Rukeyser. Foreword by Stephen Vincent Benét. Yale University Press. $2.

IF ONE would find corroboration for the thesis that even the most practical of acts may have symbolic features, one should certainly examine this interesting volume of poems by Muriel Rukeyser. The formal poet might make a poem of airplane flight, in which by his choice of imagery he conveyed the emotional overtones the act of airplane flight had for him. Or the practical mechanic might write of flying, purely by way of contributing to the data of aeronautics. But in Muriel Rukeyser we find a clear convergence of the two. She made a practical study of the subject; and at the same time she felt the symbolic aspects of her interest.

The result is a work that can awaken, in the sympathetic reader, a profound responsiveness.

And the record of her experience, though told in a concatenation of isolated poems, is very close to the heart of drama. We get first a kind of long preamble, a collection under the general head, "Poem Out of Childhood." It shows, as it were, her "preparation," the quality of experience that made the thought of flying be the appropriate answer to her moods. It is only in the dramatic sense that we could call them poems of "childhood," for the observations are often startlingly mature and womanly. They are her "childhood" as regards the section following, the "Theory of Flight" proper.

As we read through this second section, we begin to see emerging the modes of this strange initiation rite she has imposed upon herself. From a distance, she surveys the cruelty and arduousness of the contemporary world. At once aloof and observant, she comes upon an attitude that duplicates, in her own immediate terms, the educative passing of Dante through hell. And quite in keeping with the materials of thought uppermost today, it is the airplane motor that takes over the protective role of Virgil as her guide.

Thus, as we begin to feel the drama that goes on here, we are stirred when we observe the import of the verses that close the purgatorial journey. "Flight is intolerable contradiction," she says—the very choice of the word "contradiction" giving us some clue as to the remade nature of her mind. "We bear the bursting seeds of our return." And she concludes, in lines that, while good in themselves, become magnificent in their context:

> Now we can look at our subtle jointures, study
> our hands, the tools are assembled, the maps unrolled, propellers spun, do we say *all is in readiness:*
> *the times approach, here is the signal shock : ?*
>
> Master in the plane shouts "Contact" :
> master on the ground : "Contact!"
> he looks up : "Now?" whispering : "Now."
> "Yes," she says. "Do."
> Say yes, people.
> Say yes.
> YES.

For what has she thus symbolically prepared herself? We learn in the last poem of the book, "The Blood Is Justified."

The range of relevant material she handles, in making this work an experience involving the entire personality and not merely a schematically "before and after" object-lesson for schoolboys, is imposing in its richness. She remains competent and composed, even in the dangerous regions of magic: blood, fire, the pit, the father, the owning of names, ritual, the abyss-motif of perspective, the "going round and around" in the swing-music of the gyroscope, the upper and nether spheres, the mounting of stairs—all these secret ingredients are called upon, along with an affectionateness that evokes our confidence.

In having such a writer on their side, Communists have a most worthy ally.

KENNETH BURKE.

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The Oneida Commune

A YANKEE SAINT, by Robert Allerton Parker. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75.

JOHN HUMPHREY NOYES was an important part of the Utopian Socialist movement that developed in this country with the beginnings of industrialism. He established a colony at Oneida, New York, that was remarkably successful during the period of his leadership and he advanced, as an integral part of his communistic experiment, views on sexual morality that, when distinguished from his religious dogmas and his particular methods of birth control, are not without pertinence today.

Looked at today, Noyes, like the other Utopians of the thirties and forties, is a strangely paradoxical figure. His fanaticism is so apparent that one cannot blame his neighbors in Vermont for thinking him crazy. Moreover, those same neighbors, who, in their respectable, common sense, acquisitive way, went about the building up of capitalism, were actually, in the perspective of history, more progressive than he, for capitalism had to be developed to lay the foundation for a collective society. But one's sympathy is, none the less, with Noyes. He had idealism, courage and consistency and one admires him for the vigor with which he plagued the Philistines of his day.

This is a paradox that can only be resolved dialectically. The reformer who disregards the movement of social forces, who tries to build an ideal social system out of his own head, is always, from one point of view, slightly ridiculous. His isolation fosters abnormality and the hopelessness of his task makes him fanatical. But it does not follow that his ideas are contemptible or that his zeal is wasted. The ultimate victory is not with the Philistines, for there are forces working, however slowly, toward the ends the Utopian prematurely seeks to achieve. These forces, as they find expression in individual aspirations and mass movements, use the lessons of the Utopian reformer and are encouraged by his spirit. So Marx, founding scientific Socialism, profited by the visions as well as by the mistakes of Fourier and Owen and so we in this country turn back, with interest and not without admiration, to Brook Farm and Oneida.

Noyes, moreover, reactionary as his colonial scheme was in an age of advancing capitalism, was in other respects a progressive force. As Marx and Engels often pointed out, the bourgeois revolutions inspired in men's minds ideals that a bourgeois society could not realize. The whole Utopian movement was an abortive effort to run ahead of history and realize those ideals at once. Doomed to failure as it was, the movement served to keep the ideals alive and helped to achieve intellectual if not social emancipation. By questioning the institution of private property, Noyes paved the way for the more realistic advocates of proletarian revolution. His views on sex illuminated the discrepancy between the romantic Victorian theory of love and the actual bourgeois practice. Even his religion, fantastic as it seems today, was a challenge to the organized church.

Parker does not offer this interpretation of Noyes; in fact, he offers no interpretation at all. His discussion of the Utopian experiment in general is superficial and even condescending and he treats Oneida less cavalierly only because of his pre-occupation with Noyes. In the field of religion, though he has supposedly made a special study of mysticism, he varies between vagueness and the typical blindness of the modernist to the religious theories of the past. Only what he, in common with Havelock Ellis, regards as the up-to-dateness of Noyes' sexual morality receives due appreciation and this receives more than is due.

Fortunately, however, much more can be said about the biography. Nine-tc success in writing a pioneer biography as this is getting the facts, which Parker done, intelligently, patiently, accurately. He tells the story of John Humphrey Noyes as fully and as reliably as it can be told and, avoiding the obvious temptation to sensationalism, tells it with dignity. Thanks to the author's straightforward honesty, Noyes comes alive, and the reader can make his own interpretation. GRANVILLE HICKS.

Brief Review

MODERN PUBLICITY. Edited by F. A. Mercer and W. Gaunt. (The Studio, London and New York. $4.50.) Intended as a guide for non-professionals who want to write and lay-out their own advertisements, this book falls far short of its announced purpose. Its text deals with pictorial advertising, typography, copywriting, packaging, media in general terms elementary to advertisers but not particularly helpful to laymen. The best part of the book is the handsome main section reproducing poster, newspaper, direct mail and other advertising as used in successful current campaigns mainly in America and England, although the examples are rather routine. The text stresses the point that capitalist enterprises cannot retain "goodwill by sharp practice, we must *therefore* [our emphasis] see that the customer gets what our advertisements offer." Emphasis is also placed on the fact that advertising is directed to making the purchaser buy not what he necessarily needs or wants, but to making him want and buy what you have to sell so the advertiser makes more profits.

THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY, by Jacob Burckhardt. 525 pages. 235 illustrations. (Bonibooks. $1.00.) This attempt to produce a lavishly illustrated book at a dollar is not altogether successful. Less than half of the 235 illustrations are adequately reproduced, because of the roughness of the paper. There is much that is still very valuable in Burckhardt's text. The failure to consider the economic base of the Renaissance, forces him, like Symonds, to leave much that could be explained unexplained or lost in mystical abstractions. His overemphasis on the role of art leads him at times into absurdities as when he explains the failure of the attempt of the Italian Renaissance political systems to reduce the state to "a work of art."

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The Theater

U. S. State Department—Drama Censor

For fifteen years and more I have been actively engaged in fighting censorship in every form. The issues of free speech and the preservation of the Bill of Rights seem to me of greater moment today than they have ever been in the history of America. . . .

From Elmer Rice's statement to the press, January 24, 1936.

BY THE time this issue is on the newsstands, readers will already have heard the incredible story of "The Living Newspaper," the first of the theater projects under the Works Progress Administration, which was annihilated just as it was about to be born, annihilated by the very force which gave it being. The newspapers have already printed part of Elmer Rice's statement in resigning his position as the Regional Director and the alleged reasons why Jacob Baker, acting for Director Hopkins of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, found it necessary to prohibit public production of *Ethiopia,* scheduled to open at the Biltmore Theater on January 23, as the first of the "Living Newspaper" offerings.

It is fair certain, however, that the full truth of the situation will remain unexplained. Why, for example, has the United States Department of State suddenly grown so culture-conscious that it blanches with apprehension over a half-hour playlet whose entire dialog has been written out of newspaper quotations? Why do the circumstances surrounding Rice's resignation invite suspicions of rotten political maneuvering? What in the world is in this play which the F.E.R.A. will not allow to be shown before the public's tender eyes?

This reporter was fortunate to witness the final rehearsal of *Ethiopia* in the Biltmore Theater at a showing for the press. He learned that 400 people have worked for many weeks with government approval "to present current news events and other factual intelligence in living dramatized form." Nearly fifty trained newspaper workers spent five weeks in gathering the words and phrases that appear in the script, checking and rechecking their sources to make certain that every syllable spoken by the characters has been actually recorded in the press.

Designed to provide the theater with something similar to the "March of Time," *Ethiopia* tells the story of the Italo-Ethiopian war in a sequence of twenty brief scenes. It opens with a fragmentary impression of pre-war Ethiopia, the people dance and sing to the beat of peace drums. Blackout, followed by a long series of instantaneous scenes which include a League of Nations meeting at Geneva, bombing on the Ethiopian border, Selassie addressing his people, Mussolini declaiming in Rome, official remarks by Laval, Hull, Hoare, Litvinov, Eden, etc. In sum, the salient developments in the conflict have been condensed to their basic meaning. Actors impersonate all of the well-known diplomatic figures and the direction has incorporated the semi-absurd "March of Time" device which tries to give the "feeling" that Mussolini, for example, is speaking by delivering his lines in an English broken by an Italian accent. Having circled the globe in the newsreel manner, *Ethiopia* summarizes its story in a composite scene of the war drums beating over Europe.

Ethiopia is not great drama, it is not intended to be great drama. It is a simple, dramatically clear and authentic sequence which tells its story with force and freshness. As a public record of the vicious conniving whereby war can tangle up a world, it should be welcomed and supported by all haters of war-aggression—which presumably includes the Roosevelt administration.

OVER three months ago details of this play were discussed in Washington and approved. Since October the 400 actors, technicians, research workers, etc., have worked together under the direction of Morris Watson of the Newspaper Guild —the Guild is the cooperating sponsor—all with both implicit and explicit aproval of the F.E.R.A. directors. An enormous publicity campaign paved the way for the opening scheduled for January 22 at the Biltmore Theater. . . . But on January 18 Jacob Baker, assistant to Hopkins, advised Regional Director Rice that

> no issue of *The Living Newspaper* shall contain any representation of the head or one of the ministers or the cabinet of a foreign state unless such representation shall have been approved in advance by the Department of State. In view of the impracticability of getting advance approval in sufficient time to give timeliness to the performances of *The Living Newspaper* it seems to me that it is necessary that there not be included any representations of such persons.

Rice wired his protest direct to Hopkins, explaining that the production is a "factual representation of actual news events" and "contains no criticism or satire of any foreign power or official." Hopkins was further reminded that Rice had originally accepted the job of Regional Director "on your assurance that we shall have a free hand and that there would be no censorship." Rice threatened to resign.

Baker attended a special rehearsal on January 23. He admitted that as a dramatic work *Ethiopia* was unquestionably entitled to production; he admitted that the dialog was entirely factual; he admitted that the direction had neither toned down nor emphasized any of the speeches in a manner which could be interpreted as biased. But he sent another memorandum: "No one impersonating a ruler or cabinet officer shall actually appear on the stage. If it is useful for you to do so, the words of such persons may be quoted by others."

He still cherished the "hope" that the script could be modified to conform with his memorandum. Rice observed that this was equivalent to asking that *Hamlet* be put on without Hamlet, Ophelia and the King and Queen. Baker's reply to this simple fact had the following curious logic. Rice had frequently offered to resign whenever difficulties arose in the past. "Now that a problem has arisen in connection with a dramatization that *may affect our international relations,*" Baker argued, "you renew your proposal of resignation in a *telegram to Mr. Hopkins* [our italics]. This time, Mr. Rice, I accept, effective upon receipt of this letter." "This letter," according to Rice, was a prepared resignation which Baker had held in his hand during the entire interview, to be utilized at the proper moment.

WHY was this resignation forced upon Rice? The "international relations" excuse is utterly preposterous in view of Roosevelt's recent thunderstorm against "aggressor nations." Even if Roosevelt's supporters now regard his outburst as a somewhat regrettable gratuity to American anti-fascist sentiment, what sane person can seriously believe that a playlet composed of direct quotations may embarrass American-Italian relations?

Is this then simply a political maneuver by the Democratic party machine—a defense measure well-timed in view of the forthcoming national election campaign? Undoubtedly there are grounds for such a suspicion, but it would hardly explain the small *Ethiopia* explosion which the F.E.R.A. must have surely anticipated.

What, then, can be the basic reason? Rice's statement to the press contains a most illuminating suggestion:

> The final decision to censor *The Living Newspaper* . . . did not come until after I had outlined to Mr. Baker some of the other productions which were being planned. These include a play called *Class of '29* which deals realistically with unemployment and the handling of relief; and a second issue of *The Living Newspaper* on the situation in the Southern states, touching on such vital subjects as lynching, discrimination against Negroes and the plight of the sharecroppers. . . .

In other words, the F.E.R.A. is no longer willing to permit its theater projects to function free from censorship. It is no longer willing to sponsor plays which deal truthfully with the real and immediate problems of contemporary existence even though these plays be as unimpeachably true as the care-

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fully documented out-of-their-own-mouths script of *Ethiopia*. Is *Ethiopia* partisan? It is as partisan as any honest record of contemporary society is partisan. Is it propaganda? It is as much propaganda as any truthful cross-section of contemporary society can be. We have repeated time and again in THE NEW MASSES that because of the world-wide social corruption of the present period the simple unadorned truth is often revolutionary. The administration's unashamed determination to prohibit such a play as *Ethiopia* stands as a naked indictment of its own regard for truth.

The F.E.R.A. may have forced Rice to resign because it wishes to replace him with a more tractable Regional Director, one whose tastes and intelligence will provide a milk-and-gruel diet for the audiences of the theater projects. If this is the case then it is particularly regrettable that Rice's resignation has been effected. As a board member of the Civil Liberties Union, vice-chairman of the National Council on Freedom from Censorship and chairman of the Authors' League Censorship Committee, Rice's power to counteract this official gag-campaign would have been signally imposing. But if the F.E.R.A. imagines that it has solved the problem simply by removing one individual, it has a fantastic notion of the situation. The 4,000 people in the theater project have not secured their employment without having learned from painful first-hand experience some vital truths about the difficulties of keeping alive in the seventh winter of the crisis. Their dependence on relief, their awareness of this dependence and of the shaky basis of their jobs, have not made them exactly serene about the status quo. It will not be an easy matter to compel them to produce remote and innocuous dramatic material when their whole minds and spirits are conditioned to a harsh reality and when they know that fearless, truthful dramatic material is abundantly available.

With this *Ethiopia* episode the fight against censorship has entered a new stage. When the Department of State is officially used against free dramatic expression, the danger of cultural regimentation is no longer a "Communist cry of alarm" but a matter of public record. It is surely not a far step from telling actor-groups what they *must not say* to telling them what they *must*. The voice of the Department of State may not as yet have the hideous thunder of complete surveillance, but it is a fascist murmur. Its sound in this period of general repression must be another warning—and impetus to the forces for free speech and liberty.

STANLEY BURNSHAW.

C. A. HATHAWAY
Editor of *Daily Worker* will speak on
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The King Dies

But Hope Remains

NO REALIST could possibly regard the passing of George V as anything less than a major calamity, and in agonizing over the death of this heir to the throne of William the Conqueror your brand-new correspondent yields first place to no one, not even to Dr. Butler the Stupid, who duly sounded off at the Pilgrim's Club. In fact, at present writing it seems unlikely that either I or anyone else will really be himself again until just exactly a year from now, after the coronation and the final convulsion that will attend it in the last Sunday magazine section of the last tabloid.

Nobody had anything personal against the defunct chiseller, of course, and of course the whole trouble has been the newspapers. What started out as a minor irritation with the first headlines bringing the sad, but oft-rehearsed, tidings, became in the next few days a matter for despair as the tidal waves of gush broke all bounds and pushed their way back among the patent-medicine testimonials and lingerie ads, sweeping aside the murders—there wasn't a decent murder during the whole nightmarish week—until they threatened even the salesman-wanted columns and a guy wasn't actually safe until he wound up on page 90 with Alley Oop and the crossword puzzles. And then, just as it seemed the tide was about to recede, it dawned that the official funeral is slated for the following Tuesday, and that to celebrate it there is gathering from every corner of the globe such a horde of aristocratic stumblebums that it is absolutely certain the New York Times will explode. And there you have the whole disease beginning all over again and—look—attacking even THE NEW MASSES.

I didn't mind those pictures of the old King and the new King spread in solid blocks across the first ten pages, the old King standing before the Cenotaph, the new King falling off an old horse, the old King in a new Knight Templar hat, and both of them at various stages of growth from the ground up. I didn't mind—much—skimming through the various titles invented or stolen by the reigning family of England and learning again, again to my surprise, that Rex does not necessarily mean the piece of paper you hand the druggist when your kid brother has measles. I didn't mind, because I didn't read them at all, the many warm and colorful anecdotes told about the old King, and the new King, or both combined, to show how really human he or they were, even though a man, unless the saying goes the other way, and the whole enormous fund of humor merely showed how kingly, though democratic.

But there were a lot of little things that —remember the gag about the C —finally broke a lot of us dc these many, many last straws w pictures as sent by cable, an i started out well but doesn't see ting anywhere, photographs th to have been taken under water a lot of eels straggling, somet white horse and sometimes after son, across a particularly mur Then there were the small new had to read because they might c thing, but they never did, such a about the new stamps and coins and it seems that the new King' them will point in the opposite that of the old King's, namely nuance intended) to the right. land's poet laureate, whose nam resurrect these painful memorie Masefield, and who happened tc Angeles, promptly burned up th U.P. wires with a nauseating g that would have made even the or Tory, Rudyard Kipling greer And lastly, there was the pa from cover to cover, sometim but always real, an atmospher of a thing as deadly as silicosis. brook Pegler turned slightly blowing of the bugles and the of millions, and as for the New Y one got the definite impression f 1776 had simply never happene had, that we were now, all thi of us, happily reunited by th fade-out.

It is fairly difficult to ferret thought out of so much debris, care to follow a neat argument v there is this: In these days whe news, headline stuff, if the wor been put off until the next editic theless seems unlikely that anybo to start anything during the we that it takes the aristocracy of to accumulate in London, shake around, and then scatter again the business of selling a mutual patriotism to their countrymen. look right. Or would it?

And in case the press, radio rise to still crazier heights on and there seems to be no escape, a little idea that came to me darkest hours of the Sandrin There are a lot of Irish newspa city and throughout the countr have never heard of them befo a good idea to hear of them no

My copy of The Irish Wo bad storm that recently struc Ireland, a bolt of meaty n people listed as living in

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ught, with, on the back
g was not yet dead when
press, but they were prepared
) a simple statement that "Next
of Wales steps up to the hrone
est stuffed shirt and gilded tool
ish imperialists and plutocrats."
Echo had anything about either
agnifying glass wasn't strong
d it. And The Advocate de-
ie paragraph, on page four, to
ubject. It is written with a
int and double meaning that
y the envy of every left-wing
country: "They (George V
Kipling) were both typical of
and character, and that speaks
We believe there was no enmity
among Irishmen to the late
KENNETH FEARING.

Current Films

Socialism (Amkino-Cameo): An in-
reel account of the recent International
legation to the Soviet Union. There
and stirring scenes of new Moscow.

Pink (United Artists-Music Hall):
funniest film. Cantor pulls off some
k in the Harold Lloyd-Mack Sennett
is hampered by the Goldwyn Girls
er-elaborate musical numbers.

M.G.M.-Capitol): Myrna Loy as the
ress pulls her last job. She runs away
and is followed by a G-man (Spencer
sed as an escaped convict. There are
es and lovemaking.

Dan Matthews (Columbia-Roxy):
as inspired by Harold Bell Wright's
ar-old novel.

Pagans (M.G.M.): There is a mali-
at this psuedo-anthropological-South
a is a film version of Herman Mel-

Ghosts (M.G.M.): The third time
been made into a film. There is one
and five minutes of fair movie and a
k on the Soviet Union.

esterdays (Columbia): Ruth Chatter-
the screen in a tear-jerking melodrama.
ister love the same man. But her sister
daughter. The man marries the mother.

(Warner Bros): Another G-man film
ick-town reporter helped to run down
ank robber.

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Between Ourselves

IN VIEW of the present developments on the French political scene, we are particularly glad to announce at this time the appointment of a NEW MASSES' correspondent for France. Raoul Damiens will report on the activities of the Peoples' Front, in particular, and the growth of progressive political thought in France as it affects the cultural and economic life of the people.

The painting reproduced on page 12 is one of a group that will be exhibited in William Gropper's one-man show at the A. C. A. Gallery, 52 West 8th Street, New York. The exhibition will continue for two weeks, beginning on February 3.

A volume of selections from Michael Gold's column which formerly appeared in The Daily Worker is announced for spring publication.

In November one of the readers of THE NEW MASSES, visiting Atlanta, attended a meeting of the Ku Klux Klan outside of that city. A stenographic record of the proceedings, which he made during the meeting, will be published in next week's issue under the title, *The Klan Rides Again.*

New poems by Archibald MacLeish, Alfred Kreymborg and Genevieve Taggard will appear shortly.

Granville Hicks will speak under the auspices of the League of American Writers on "Our Revolutionary Heritage." Lewis Gannett, book reviewer of The New York Herald-Tribune, will preside. The lecture will take place at the Hotel Delano, 108 West 43rd Street, New York, February 3, 8:15 p. m.

A short story by Edwin Seaver, to be published next week, is part of a novel upon which he is now engaged.

Rosalyn Tureck will give a recital at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on March 27 for the benefit of the May Department Store strikers and THE NEW MASSES. The young pianist won the National Federation of Music Clubs and the Schubert Memorial awards last April. Her debut last fall was warmly received. The affair is sponsored by the Brooklyn branch of the Friends of THE NEW MASSES.

Robert Allison Evans has worked in coal mines both as miner and mine executive. His poems *From the Anthracite*, printed on pages 16-17, are from his volume of verse now under consideration for publication.

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